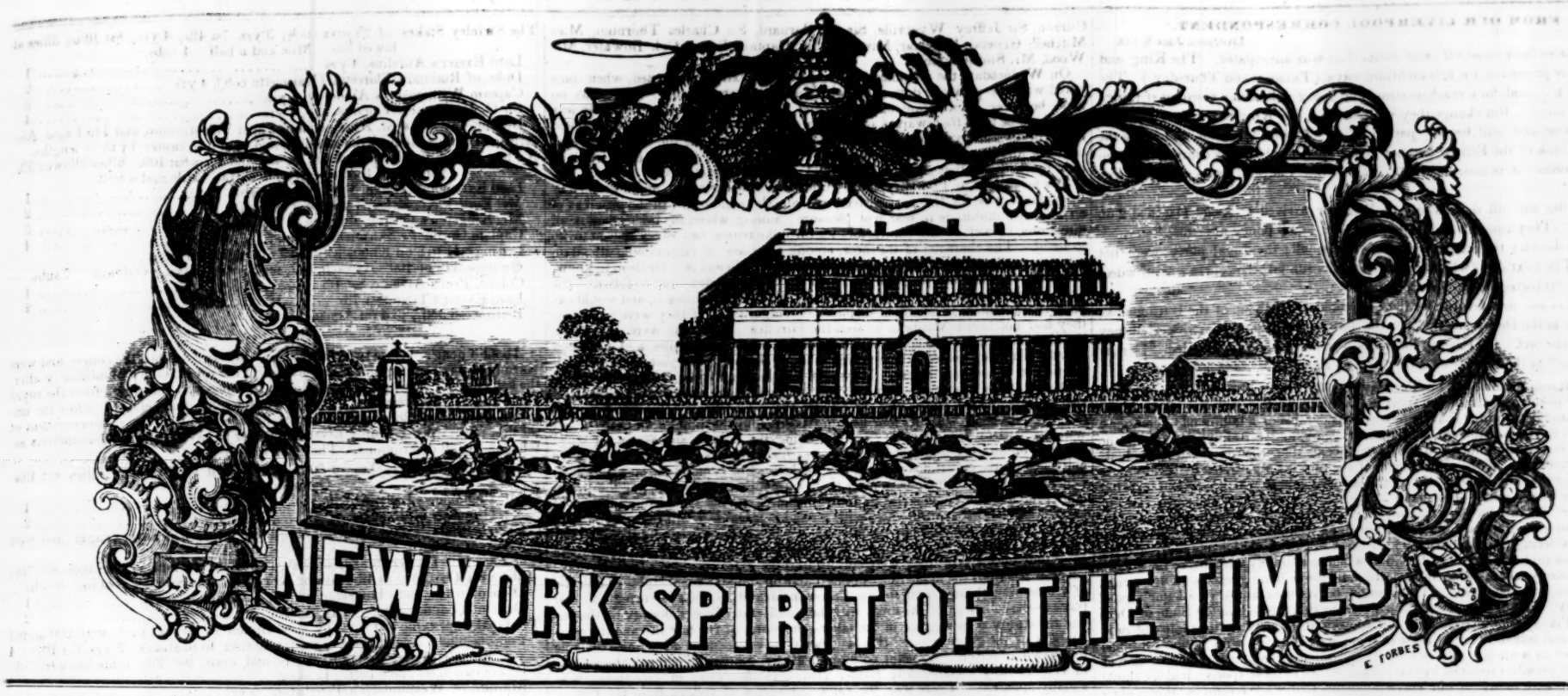

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No 23.

THE FLATS AND THE SHARPS.

From the London Satirist.

The Epsom week is always considered a blank among the hells, many o which—those of a low grade, we mean—close their doors, and convey their implements of plunder to the scene of more extensive robbery, and there, in the most open manner, and without the least attempt at concealment, commit their depredations with all the effrontery which attaches to such blackguards. The *Cercle*-ites, in Regent-street, are of the number who are content with the leg-itimate profits arising from wholesale operations at home. They are not itinerant *players*, nor travel beyond the confines of their own threshhold to seek for victims on whom to practise their infernal arts. Their house has nightly, even during the races, been visited by troops of fools, who indulge in the vain hope of winning, and stake hundreds under the delusion of gaining thousands, but in reality of backing thousands, if the chances be rightly calculated, against hundreds; for so it invariably turns out Although the proprietors of the *Cercle* have been actively engaged in victimizing at home, it is said they have found time to flutter a few *pigeons* on the Epsom Downs; for they are reported to have been very considerable winners on the Derby, and to have attempted the same operation which proved so successful in the late affair at Newmarket; but the distance being so short, and the news reaching town so soon, the scheme failed. It is an additional proof, however, of the energy and enterprise of the victimizers of the *Cercle*.

A few days back, a Mr. Wheeler, who resides at Hampstead, invited three friends (!) of the names of Bramble, Batman, and Jackson, to dine with him.—After the cloth was removed and a due quantity of wine consumed, by way of sustaining the good spirits of the party, a game at *blind hookey* was proposed; all assented, and after playing for some time, on a summing up of profit and loss, Mr. Wheeler found, to his surprise, that he had lost about *fifteen hundred pounds*. Of course, Messrs Bramble, Batman and Jackson retired, very well pleased with their evening's work; but Mr. Wheeler appeared a little *flat* at the *sharp* treatment he had experienced, and registered a vow that he would not make a fool of himself—until next time!

The following attempt was made to practise upon the credulity, as well as to excite the curiosity of the numerous fools who visit Epsom during the race week. It proved a failure, however, inasmuch as it was palpable to the least experienced among the crowd of persons who resort to such places, that, like the thimble-rig manœuvre, it was a gross attempt at robbery. The scheme originated in one of the low hells in the neighborhood of Haymarket, and its operation was conducted by a gang of well-known pick-pockets, who, failing in their leg-itimate object of levying contributions upon the public, are said to have returned with success to their old "vocation," and have profitted largely thereby.

"Epsom Races.—The *nobility* and *gentry* visiting the above fashionable place, are respectfully informed that a spacious tent, or marquee, is erected near the Grand Stand, where, in addition to the usual amusements, the proprietors have, at a considerable expense, introduced an entire *new game*, upon the same principle as the one now playing in the *Courts of China;* they beg to state, as the name and characters in the above game may not be perfectly understood in the Chinese language by a British public, it will be introduced varying but little from its original form, under the name of ZAZEZIZOZU, and from the variety of characters and numerous chances in the game, the proprietors flatter themselves that it will afford to those *ladies and gentlemen* who may please to honor them with their presence, a pleasing and fashionable amusement during the races.

In the course of the *set-to* between old Vulgarity and Coal-mine Russell, the latter received so severe a blow with the chair which Crockford wielded in his defence, that he lay for some minutes in a state of perfect insensibility. Conscious of having committed himself, Russell promised on the following day, when he came a little to his reason, to make an apology to Lord Sefton and to those gentlemen who shared, in common with Crockford, in the abuse which he poured forth in a strain of eloquence peculiar to himself. The latter part of the evening of the following day, Russell made his appearance, in order to atone by apology for the freak of the previous night. He had, it was quite evident, *prepared* himself for the occasion, for if anything, he was further gone than when he committed the outrage complained of. His presence indicated but little of penitence for the past, and it was much feared that little promise could be held out for the future. In this, however, all present were deceived, and after cheering him on for some time, and some additional spirit being infused into him, he thus addressed the noblemen and *gentlemen* (if they are deserving of that appellation) present:—

"Mr. Crock-(*hiccup!*)-ford and Gentlemen—I (*hiccup!*) am very sorry for what (*hiccup!*) occurred last evening—I was, I am free and ashamed to (*hiccup!*) confess, for the first time (*hiccup!*) in my life, drunk Yes, Gentlemen, Billy Russell (*hiccup!*) was drunk, and completely forgot himself—he put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains—but here he is—come purposely (*hiccup!*)—lowly and humbly to beg all your pardons (*hiccup!*) Mr. Crockford's in general, and every one's in particular!"

With this, after having threatened to *Gully* half-a-dozen of the waiters and shoot Sefton, he retired. No man ever studied harder to kill himself than does Coal-mine Russell.

The great winners on the Derby, were Lords Jersey, George Bentinck, and Albert Conyngham. Those turf legs, Bland and Greatorex, are said to be also in the list to a large amount. The usual trickery was resorted to by the various gangs of *greeks* who profit by the inexperience and folly which are always to be met with on the race course. The great card of that notorious fellow Wagstaff, of whom the story is told of Beardsworth and the poker, and was denounced in the dying accents of his old pal, Richardson, as the greatest rascal that he had ever known through a long life of equivocal integrity—was the horse called *Athenian*, which at one time rose in the scale of partial favoritism, but which had somehow or other, against every chance, been "secured." Wagstaff betted all he could against him, and by that means made out a profitable though a dangerous book; but there is no doubt he felt perfectly assured of the result—not so much from the *quality* of Athenian, as from a reduced certainty that he *was not to win* under any circumstances. Such is the general system of villany practised on the turf, and such the danger men run who are led to back a particular horse, the real powers of which are made subservient to the knavery of the trainers, grooms, blacklegs, and other pickpockets of a race course, which has not inaptly been termed the "Stock Exchange for the sale of horse flesh." We had forgot to state, that in the "ring" we observed the *ci-devant* coal-heaver and *soi-disant* gentleman, Tanfield, "laying it on thick" upon the first favorite.

A "sensation" was created among the greeks and blacklegs at the sporting clubs, on Sunday last, by news arriving in town that Bay Middleton, the Derby favorite, was "all wrong," or in other words, that after his morning gallop, he "coughed violently." Away went expresses, and off flew *pigeons* in all directions, to ascertain, if possible, the truth of the report. The consternation among a certain set was great, and numerous bets were made against the horse by those who felt assured of something being amiss. The matter, however, was subsequently explained, and in time to prevent anything like a turn in the tide of general betting; it was this:—The horse pulls hard, and in taking him out for exercise, in order to prevent the bit cutting his mouth, a piece of tow was wrapped round it, some threads of which got down his throat, and causing a momentary irritation, made it appear that he had taken cold. For the most part, we believe, the biters got *bit* upon this occasion.

A Rogue Outwitted.—Captain Marryatt, the popular author of "Jacob Faithful," and "Japhet in Search of a Father," relates the following anecdote in a late number of the *London Metropolitan*:—Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman and carricaturist was laid up in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled by his servants in and out of his chamber to the sitting room. Now, a well known vagabond ascertained the fact, and watched till the servant was sent upon a message. The servant came out of the front door, but left the front area door open, communicating with the kitchen. Down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, walked up stairs, where, as he anticipated, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. 'I am sorry, sir, to see you in this situation,' said the rogue; 'you cannot move, and your servant is out.' The gentleman started. 'It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed, for behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and these seals off the table, and putting them into my own pocket; and, as I perceive your keys are here, I shall now unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose.' 'Oh! pray help yourself, I beg,' replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the sideboard drawer, and many other things that suited him, and in about ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a very low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle: he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant's returning soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow-street with the drawing and account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks was on his passage to Botany Bay.

TO AN OLD FAMILY CHAIR!

ORIGINAL.—BY ZENAS SPRIGGINS.

When this new world was younger, years a hundred,
And men at witches op'd their eyes and wondered—
When woe and rapine filled the land,
And furious foes encountered hand to hand—
When pipes were smoked and tobacco chew'd—
When thoughts were wild and customs rude—
When John Bull held despotic sway,
And sons from fathers ran away—
When Tories were both tarr'd and feather'd,
And knowledge from almanacks was gathered—
When hogs were nightly kept in pens,
And stalk'd not from their homely dens—
When snuff was used and nasty rum,
And crowds were called by beat of drum—
Then thou might'st boast of jolly youth,
Then, if history speaks the truth,
My good grand-dad did in thee sit,
And revel in that splendid wit
For which the Spriggins, are renown'd
In town and country far around.
Oh, Chair! Gods! how I love thee, Chair!
Stuff'd as thou art with grim grey hair;
I love thy front, I love thy back,
Though both are filled with many a crack—
The cracks of time, incessant toil
Of family fights, of homely broil:
Yes, yes—God help thee, Chair! I pray,
I'll have thee newly bottomed, and to-day!!!

Elk Ridge, Md., 13th July, 1836.

Dear Sir—In the "Spirit of the Times" of June 11th, your correspondent N., under date of 31st May, says:—"While speaking of trainers, allow me to pay a just tribute to one whom I esteem the best of trainers; I mean Garrison's 'Old Charles,' the trainer of *Cippus* and *Bumper*, the winners of the third and fourth days at the Central."

Although no one admires more than I do the condition in which "Old Charles" always brings his horses to the stand, yet I think the merit of training *Cippus* ought to be given to those to whom it is due. Cippus was trained by his owner, Mr. Geo. Stockett, having as his groom a mulatto boy, named William, who never trained a horse before. *Miss Maynard*, from the same stable, has also been distinguished this Spring both at Washington and Kendall's. I think it but just that young hands at the business should have all the credit they deserve; it encourages them and stimulates others. I am enabled to give you these facts, as I am a neighbor of Mr. Stockett, and saw his horses two or three times a week during their training.

Cippus has run *six races* and lost but one. When he was beaten by "*Rebecca Coleman*," he was then much out of fix, not having recovered from the distemper. Should no accident happen to him this Fall, I think he is destined to cut a conspicuous figure on the turf.

The coming season, Elk Ridge is becoming the "race-horse region," for *Rebecca Coleman, Cippus, Joshua, Nelly Webb*, and *Miss Maynard* were all raised within one mile of each other, and *Camsidel* only a few miles from them, and I can assure you we have some good ones coming on that may cut a figure on the Union, after having shown off on the Washington and Central Courses. We should be glad to meet oftener at the Central the stables of the Northern sportsmen, as Maryland intends to beat both North and South if they will only give her a chance at Selden's, where they may be sure to have a hearty welcome and a fair field. Yours, &c., C.

P.S. Mr. Stockett sold half of *Cippus* to Mr. Garrison after his race at Washington, and it was in consequence of the sale he was entered by Mr. Garrison. *Bumper*, formerly John Marshall, is also a Maryland horse, bred by Mr. Tilghman, on the Eastern Shore, and still the owner of one half of him.

ANOTHER "DO" UPON THE ASCOT CUP.

The Ascot Meeting is over; and we should be glad to say it was so without one of those stains that so frequently mar the pleasures of the Turf. But such is not the case. Certain sort of gemmen will have money, get it how they may; and no sooner do we see some of the Corcorarian crew beaten off, than up springs a fresh set. Old Peter Corcoran's a deep un; and we take it he has been pulling the strings of the puppet in the present "Do," as, from all accounts, the new hands who have been doing the dirty work, are, comparatively speaking, poor silly creatures, though artful and sly enough for Flat catching.

We took a trip on Thursday to see the race for the Cup, when we found the respectable part of the betting men open-mouthed at being regularly planted upon and done. Three or four days before the race the public and the leading speculators on the Turf were full of Hope; but, as the adage says, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and the Cooks and the Doctor, not finding the dish to their palate, they took care to spoil it, by depriving them of their "Sheet Anchor," and leaving them to scramble among *Stones* and *Rocks*. Our Turf friends were too much engaged before the race came off to give us all the particulars of the "do;" and the hurry-scurry of seeking shelter from the rain, which came on immediately after it, prevented us seeing them again. But, next week, we hope to be able to lay open 'an affair' that drives the non-starting of Plenipo for the cup last year completely into the shade; and, by the Old Harry's Son, we shall spare no pains to check the performers in it in the outset of their career of coming the rig over the Greenhorns. In the meantime, we may hint to the sallow-faced *Leech*, who has made himself so busy about the "Thing," we are awake to all his Dodges during the day, as well as at the Hells during the night; and before we are done with him, we'll bet him a trifle of odds to Evens he will have some cause to regret he did not stick to his patients—though few and far between—in place of trying to bleed the gentlemen on the Turf. *Nous verrons.*

The celebrated Jockey we formerly had occasion to allude to, when speaking of the *Ebberston Go*, is said to be mixed up with the new Coosid dish, as well as no very distant relation of his own. We hope not; but if it prove true, we shall not be slack at opening our fire upon them, as we now know some of the particulars of their ugly breach of faith with the rich old Tory, who has lent them the means of keeping afloat so long upon the scale they have been going it. Houses and stabling are not built for nothing.

It gives us pleasure to redeem our pledge to Paddy Stretch. We are glad to hear he came up to the mark like a man to meet his engagements on the Derby; and only have to regret his absence on the "Settling Day," should have led us to class him with parties by whom he is said to have been most grossly and shamefully deceived. London Age.

A Yankee.—A young man by the name of Cochran, a native of Enfield, N. H., has invented what he calls "many chambered non-recoil" Pistols, Rifles, Muskets, and Cannon, which are capable of having from ten to fifteen charges inserted in a metallic wheel, that revolves on an axis, in the rear of the breech, in such a manner as to bring each of them, in succession, opposite the calibre of the gun; when, by a percussion lock, they are severally discharged, with great rapidity, and may be quickly replaced by others. Besides this important advantage, the shot are driven to a greater distance than by common fire-arms, with even a less charge of powder, and there is no recoil. Mr. Cochran has obtained patents for his invention in this country, England and France; having visited the latter countries for that purpose, and made successful experiments in the presence of distinguished military officers in London and Paris. The ambassadors of the Grand Seignior, at the British and French Courts, having witnessed the tremendous effects of these arms, induced the inventor to visit Constantinople, and gave him letters of introduction and commendation to the chief officers of the Ottoman Empire. He immediately proceeded on the voyage, was kindly received, and introduced to the Sultan; and so much interested was the great Turkish reformer with the model of a cannon which he saw fired, that he ordered a twelve pounder to be constructed, and gave directions for enabling him to complete the work, under his own superintendence, at the public laboratories. The cannon was finished in a few months, and discharged many times in the presence of the Sultan and the officers of his court, who were so much gratified with the result, that the Sultan made the ingenious artist a most munificent present in a purse of gold coin. After a residence of six months at Constantinople, where Mr. Cochran was treated with marked distinction by the Grand Seignior, and all the civil, military, and naval officers of his court, and by Com. Porter, our Charge d'Affaires, he returned to this country, and recently visited Boston, where several gentlemen had the pleasure of seeing one of his rifles, which was manufactured at the celebrated private establishment in Springfield. Mr. Cochran does not appear to be more than twenty-eight years of age; he is intelligent, zealous, and enterprising. He is now engaged in supplying sportsmen with small arms, and in making cannon, of various calibres, for experiment, in presence of the Ordnance officers of the United States. Boston Atlas.

Mr. Willis.—A distinguished writer in London thus speaks of our young countryman, in a letter recently received in this city:—"You have now Mr. Willis and his charming wife in America. You know how the Reviews abused Willis; but you do not know how all his friends love him. He is a brilliant fellow, and, in my judgment, the best writer in his own peculiar way, extant. Some of his poems will last as long as the English is a living language. He is an honor to your country as a man, and to her literature, as an author. I have often heard it wished that he were an Englishman, but he is proud of his native land, and really and truly, his native land has a right to be proud of him. His "Pencillings by the Way" made him some enemies, but more friends this side the water; and his books have found a ready sale among the higher classes. In his quarrel with Capt. Marryatt, he certainly had the best of it, and his declaration that he had "never requested the introduction to a single individual in London," put to rest for ever a scandalous tale that had previously been industriously circulated against him. On his leaving us, a series of papers were promised from his pen, to be called "Loiterings of Travels." They are, I think, to be published in the New York Mirror. Will you do me the kindness to purchase the weekly numbers of that admirable journal, and forward them by the packets? If Willis were to write a Book of Travels in England, he would be read with more respect than any American that has been abroad—always save and except Washington Irving, the glorious author of the Sketch Book."—*Star.*

A Highland Widow.—At his death, the Laird of ——, in Argyleshire, left a beautiful young widow, of course inconsolable for his loss. After the burial and banquet, clansmen and clanswomen, attended by the piper and fiddler, convened for a dance in the Castle-hall, resolving to mitigate their grief with the Highland fling—when, unexpectedly, the widow herself came in, all weeds and tears, with the tip of her nose scarcely peeping from her crape cap, and she seated herself mournfully on a bench. The gentleman who was to lead down the dance thought that he could not, in good breeding, ask any other lady than the mistress of the house to stand up with him, and, with a deep sigh, she consented. He then asked the disconsolate widow to name the spring, *i. e.*, the tune she would wish to be played. "Oh," said she, "let it be a light spring, for I have a heavy heart." T. Campbell in the New Monthly.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, June 8, 1836.

Ascot races have come off, and better than was anticipated. The King and Queen were present on the first and third days, (Tuesday and Thursday.) The stakes are too small for a crack meeting, and Ascot will be at a discount if things are not changed. But change they will, because the King has spoken strongly on the matter, and will become patron of an "Ascot Club," for managing the races. Think of the Eclipse foot not being challenged!—The course, too, is in wretched order: it is undrained and not rolled. The first day's morning was flat.

The King and all the visitors at Windsor arrived at Ascot Heath at 2 on Tuesday. They came in 8 carriages and four, and 3 poney phaetons.

On Wednesday the attendance was very small; the royal party were not present. The next day (when the gold cup was run for) the course was crowded, and the royal cortege were well received.

Sheet Anchor, first favorite for the Cup, suddenly fell out of the betting—like Ebberston in the Derby at Epsom: the parties have done the trick—but they must quit the turf. On Friday, the races were very scantily attended. Here is "the leader" to the races from *Bell's Life in London, of June 5th.*

THESE Races commenced on Tuesday last, but under circumstances far from gratifying to the patrons of the sport, or creditable to the character of the Meeting. It must be admitted that there was considerable of a falling off of company on the first day, as compared with former years, and certainly, throughout the week, an obvious diminution in the attendance of those distinguished individuals whose countenance of the amusements of the turf is only excited by the desire to improve the breed of horses, and by the encouragement which is given to bring good cattle to the post. The detail of the races of each day will show that the stakes were far inferior to what might have been expected from the amount of subscription known to be annually collected, as well as extremely deficient in interest, considering the popularity which the name of Ascot has obtained, and the splendid assemblage of rank and fashion which is annually attracted to the Heath, foremost among whom are their Majesties and the brilliant guests who are invited at this season to the Castle. There must be, as was hinted in a letter signed "Fair Play," in our last week's paper, "something rotten in the State of Denmark." The system of collecting and appropriating subscriptions must be radically bad, and selfish interests must in some way interfere with public gratification, as well as with the interests of the surrounding country, which, it is well known, are greatly promoted by the annual return of these sports; and we think, in common with many of our correspondents, that while reform is taking place in other matters, it should be extended to the "secret few" who have hitherto "ruled the roast" in that quarter. We have reason to believe that his Majesty has expressed a strong opinion on this subject, and that Lord Errol, who, as Master of the Buck-hounds, acts as one of the Stewards, is fully impressed with the just grounds of complaint which have arisen. At present, there seems to be no check on those who assume the character of managers at these Races, nor have the subscribers any mode of calling in question the appropriation of their liberal contributions. This is decidedly objectionable, and we venture to suggest that a Racing Committee should be appointed, with power to let the ground, collect subscriptions, and apply the surplus, after due provision has been made for the necessary expense of keeping the course in order and preserving regularity, to the legitimate purpose of encouraging Racing, by creating Stakes of such value as will render it worth the while of the proprietors of horses of known celebrity to bring their studs to the spot, and contend for the prizes; and, further, that this Committee should make an annual return of their receipts and expenditure, by way of wholesome supervision. Until this be done, no essential good can be secured, and the far-famed Ascot Meeting will dwindle into a mere assemblage of cocktails, interesting only to those who seek a pretence for a country jaunt. From what we know of Lord Errol, we are quite persuaded he will turn his attention to this subject; and we trust, by another season, we shall witness "a consummation devoutly to be wished"—a consummation which must restore something like vigor to the Meeting, and prevent the insignificance into which it is fast sinking. With these observations, we shall proceed to notice the doings of the week, as far as the company is concerned, recording the sports of each day in succession at the conclusion.

The first and third days of these Races have been considered the most attractive—first, because the sports have heretofore always been of a superior order (but of that, on the present occasion, the least said is soonest mended); and, next, because the presence of the Royal Family on those days affords an additional inducement for the assemblage of the higher ranks, as well as of those who, when they do make up their minds to a day's pleasure, like to be seen in good company, and, by rubbing skirts with their superiors, fancy, for a time at least, that there is something "very superior" in themselves. The Aristocracy are, no doubt, very often mortified at the occasional recognition which good manners render almost indispensable by intermixing with such heterogeneous masses; and although in returning the half-familiar, half-important salutes, of their various tradesmen, (the presence of whom to many, from pecuniary reasons, is not always desirable), they throw as much of "stand off" dignity in the pride with which some of these "obtrusives" exclaim to their wondering companions,—"That is my friend, Lord So-and-so," or the impertinence with which others audibly whisper, "That is Lord Such-a-body, who owes me a thousand pounds, [or as many shillings], and I cannot get a farthing on account." These are annoyances incident to all popular assemblies, and "what cannot be cured must be endured." Still, they have their inconveniences, and they are yet more objectionable among the fair sex, yclept "the elite of fashion," who, when decorated with the newest fashions—the last imported by Madame Francois, from Paris, and decidedly "unique"—discover their milliners or their shoemakers' wives bedizened in finery the perfect "fac simile" of their own, every whit as expensive, and, perhaps, manufactured by the very same "marchande de modes." This is even worse, perhaps, than the Noble Lord being reminded of the debtor side of the ledger, as he may console himself with the reflection, "That a fellow who can afford to go to the races does not want money; but the wound at the vanity of a woman admits of no consolation beyond the pious wish, that the cause of uneasiness may be soused in Virginia Water, rather than gin and water, before she gets home. But, to proceed with our description:—

We have said, and said truly, that the course on Tuesday was far from being so well attended as we have witnessed it on the first day in former years; nevertheless, there was a goodly muster of apparently fashionable people. We say "apparently," because one cannot always see more than skin-deep, and we must say of some, who could, like the peacock, boast of very fine feathers, that had they kept their mouths shut, we should have been disposed to have given them credit for being persons of greater consideration than their "werry vulgar observations" subsequently justified. We do not mean by this to have it insinuated, that suspicious of moving "incog." attached to all who passed in review before us, and that the brilliant costumes which dazzled our eyes on the promenade, invariably disguised vulgarity and impudence; on the contrary, truth calls upon us to state, that there was a happy intermixture of lovely women of first-rate fashion and elegance, and of surpassing beauty, and nothing but the occasional brilliancy of these "gems," flirting through the busy throng, could have consoled us for the mortification which we experienced in the discoveries which we frequently made, that "all is not gold that glitters." To enumerate the individuals who were thus "sterling" in our estimation, would be an invidious task; we shall content ourselves with stating, therefore, that they embraced many of the highest rank in the "beau monde," and it is due to state, that there were hundreds of others less high in their pretensions, who, from the simple elegance of their attire, and the modest grace of their movements, produced a degree of admiration, if not so dazzling for the moment, more lasting in its impression, fully verifying the words of the poet (we do not speak literally), that "beauty, when unadorned, is adorned the most," and to whose example we should be happy to refer those tawdry dolls, who, in aping their fashionable superiors, forget the fable of the monkey that had seen the world, and who were evidently as much out of their place as Jacko himself when he returned to his native woods, with all the garnishings of a "petit maitre." All the houses and lodgings in the neighborhood, we understood, were fully occupied, and the approaches to the course were crowded at an early hour by elegant equipages, intermixed with carriages of a more humble description, in which all classes were included, all equally bent on pleasure, and evidently standing "number one" in their own estimation, whatever might be the fastidious opinion of others. These lined the course as they arrived, and the scene was altogether gay and lively throughout. There were the usual sources of amusement and seduction, and not a few found, by experience at the gambling-tables, that Fortune is not always in good humor with her votaries.

At about half-past one, the usual signal was given that their Majesties were approaching: an avenue was immediately formed, through which the royal cortege passed, amidst loud cheers and demonstrations of respect and loyalty. Their Majesties looked uncommonly well in health, and were accompanied by the Prince of Orange and his two sons, as well as by a numerous suite of attendants and visitors at the Castle. On entering the Grand Stand, and appearing at the window, they were again cheered, and throughout the day received the homage of several persons of distinction. The races did not seem to afford their Majesties much pleasure, and at the conclusion they returned to the Castle in the same order in which they arrived. The royal cortege consisted of eight carriages and four, and three pony phaetons. In the first carriage were the King and Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, and the Duke of Brunswick; in the second were Prince William of the Netherlands, Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippstall, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Countess of Brownlow; these were followed by a pony phaeton, driven by his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, who was accompanied by Prince Alexander of the Netherlands. In the other carriages were the Duke of Buccleuch, Duke of Grafton, the Counts Stirum (two), Earl Brownlow, Earl of Albemarle, Earl Denbigh, Earl Howe, Lord and Lady Lisle, Lord Elphinstone, Lord Burghersh, M. de Dedel, Lord and Lady Frederick Fitzclarence, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley, Hon. Captain Curzon, Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, Sir A. Barnard, Sir Charles Thornton, Miss Mitchell, General Bagelar, Miss Wilson, Captain Beane, Col. Bowater, Mr. Wood, Mr. Shiffner, &c.

On Wednesday, the attendance of company was extremely limited, when compared with the previous day, and their Majesties were absent. There was no lack, however, of itinerant exhibitors and musicians, who were scarcely less objectionable than the swarms of beggars who crowded the course, and excited alarm or disgust by their unceasing importunities. Among the customary speculators and booth-owners the day was "flat, stale, and unprofitable," relieved only by the hope, that the next day would prove more productive.

We now come to Thursday, "the grand day," as it is called, and a grand day it no doubt was, for the postmasters, and all others interested in the progress of an immense multitude in search of pleasure; among whom the innkeepers in all directions, as well as the contractors for turnpike trusts, had every reason to be grateful. The character of the races, among the class of visitors who attend on this day, is altogether a secondary consideration—sufficient is it for them to know, that it is "the fashion" to go to Ascot on the Gold Cup day: not to follow "the fashion" on such an occasion, would be next akin to high-treason, and would expose the absentees to as much suspicion of vulgarity as if they were to confess they had not heard Malibran or seen the Giraffes. All ranks were, in fact, on the alert, and the whole country round, for five and twenty miles, and even to a greater distance, seemed to be involved in the evolution of one great whirlpool, all verging to a common centre. High and low, rich and poor, good and bad, including all the gradations from the peer to the beggar, were distinguishable in the moving throng, embracing, of course, every variety of equipage, from the dashing barouche with its four foaming posters, to the diminutive donkey cart with its patient Jerusalem tit; not forgetting the endless succession of stage coaches, omnibuses, and other public conveyances, the passengers on which were enlivened by the cheerful sounds of key bugles. The demand for post horses in London we know to have been more than adequate to the supply, and the prices were proportionably enhanced, in many instances, to the "moderate" charge of twenty guineas! for four horses, with a relief half-way—a "moderation" which even extended to the post boys, who modestly demanded thirty shillings each for their day's labour; for, with the sweeps on May day, they said as Ascot races came only once a year, they were entitled to super-extra consideration! We have so often described the appearance of the course on similar assemblages—the bustle of the coming throng, and the confusion incidental to their securing the best places—the collisions of the great with the small—the offended dignity of the one and the sturdy perseverance of the other—the alarm of the fair sex and the carelessness of the more robust; that we should be but telling a nine times told tale to renew our sketch. In point of numerical strength, we should say the muster of visitors fully equalled any former year, and the desire of enjoyment was equally apparent. There was the same succession of volleys from the Champagne battalion—the same repetition of irregular discharges from the port and sherry corps in the centre, and the equally lively fire from the porter and ale companies on the flanks; while a very "spirited" support was derived from the bush rangers, who spread in countless groups over the surface of the heath. The commissariat department was admirably supplied throughout, and perhaps a multitude was never more successful in securing a signal victory over their appetites. Among other branches of the commissariat division, our attention was particularly attracted by a sort of "pro bono publico" store provided by Messrs. James and Charles Goding, the celebrated ale brewers, whose agents went down in splendid style in one of the Cowderoy's omnibusses, attended by a baggage wagon, laden with the good things of this life, and an abundance of champagne, and other luxuries, which were dispensed with singular liberality to all their customers, under the cheering influence of hospitality, and the lively note of a bugle. The promenade on the course was crowded to excess; and with the same order of visitors as on Tuesday, who were evidently delighted at the opportunity of "shaking their feathers," after their long rides in confined carriages; and who displayed the same odd contrasts of elegance and vulgarity. The amusements were as diversified as usual, and tumblers, jugglers, glee-singers, and gypsies, thimbleriggers and prigs, were all equally active in their vocations; while the gambling booths spread their temptations with the advantage of extensive patronages, but with what advantage to their patrons, we will not pretend to say.

Their Majesties did not arrive with the same punctuality as observable in the time of George IV., who was always on the course at one o'clock, and the sports were in consequence protracted to a later hour than is customary. The interim was, however, not without occupation, and in the betting as well as the eating circle, great activity prevailed. In the former no small dissatisfaction was displayed at the sudden downfall of "Sheet Anchor," formerly "Brother to Hope," a horse which, after being first favorite against the field, suddenly disappeared from the betting, and like Ebberston in the Derby, was "found wanting" when most required. Those who had looked upon him as their "sheet anchor," were "sent to sea in a cullender," and so far from proving himself a brother to Hope, he turned out to be much nearer related to that arrant jade Hopeless, leaving his admirers up to their necks in the slough of despond. We pretend not to unravel these mysteries, but we cannot help thinking they savour strongly of "humbug."

At last the royal cortege arrived in the order pretty similar to that described on Tuesday, and their Majesties were again received with enthusiastic cheers. The course was cleared with some difficulty, and the sports then proceeded as described in the return of the races. Before the day was concluded, however, it was proved that pleasure is not without its alloy. No sooner was the Gold Cup run for than heavy clouds gathered o'er the heath, and a heavy shower sent the gay groups which paraded the promenade scampering to their carriages; these were closed as expeditiously as possible, where their construction permitted such a ceremony; but numbers being open, or half-headed, such a refuge was denied, and in spite of umbrellas and parasols, mackintoshes and shawls, the destruction of finery was, as Domine Sampson would say, "Prodigious!" to the misery of the sufferers, but to the delight of those whose profit consists in the loss of others.—A general panic followed from the absence of all promise of clearing up, and thousands who approached in all the pride of pomp and vanity, returned to their respective homes, with the very unsatisfactory consolation, that what was death to them was life to the agriculturist, who hailed the refreshing rain with unmixed satisfaction.

Their Majesties waited till the conclusion of the sports, and then returned to the Castle amidst renewed cheers.

The road to London presented all the customary vicissitudes—arising from the unfavorable change in the weather. Many did not reach Hyde Park Corner till a late hour, and not a few wished they had devoted their sacrifices to their household gods, instead of the rural deities of Ascot. There were as usual several vehicles upset, some few breakings down, and one or two runaway nags; but we did not hear of any serious accident, although the collisions at the turnpike gates, from the screams of the fair sex, often led to the conclusion, that mischiefs the most serious were to be deplored. It is perhaps not necessary to say that "drops of rain" required "drops of comfort," and the desire to keep the inside and the outside in unison, proved to be as effective as the stomach pump on all the stores of exciseable commodities, which claimed "polite attention" at the different houses of entertainment in Egham Staines, and Hounslow, as well as every other road leading from the "tented field."

We would subjoin a list of some of the distinguished persons present, did we think it would afford any gratification to our readers; but as our list would necessarily be incomplete, we are unwilling to be charged with partiality, and we shall therefore leave all to assert their absence or presence as may best suit "their books."

On Friday, curiosity and funds being exhausted, the attendance of company was even less numerous than on Wednesday; but the refreshing rain of the previous day, gave to the whole country a rich and luxuriant appearance, which to have witnessed, ought to have afforded unfeigned pleasure to those who might have been the victims to the cause of such an effect. We shall now state the result of the races of each day in succession.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lbs.; 4 yrs., 9st. 2lb.; 5 yrs. 10st.; 6 yrs. and aged, 10st. 5lb. From the new mile post, once round and in.
Colonel Peel's Jacob Faithful, 3 yrs. (Pavis) 1
Lord Exeter's gr c Luck's All, 4 yrs 2
Sir G. Heathcote's Willesden, 3 yrs 3

The betting varied from 6 to 4 on Luck's All, and 2 to 1 agst Jacob to 6 to 5 on the latter, and 6 to 4 agst the grey, at which prices it finished. Luck's All made strong running, followed to the distance by Jacob Faithful, where the latter went a-head, and won easily by two lengths. Willesden was beaten about as much from the grey.

The Ascot Derby Stakes of 50 sovs each, h ft; for 3 yr old colts 8st 6lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; from the Swinley-post in. The winner of the Derby or Oaks to have carried 5lb extra; 16 subs.
Sir Francis Collier's b c Lieutenant, by the Colonel (Nat) 1
Lord Exeter's Muezzin, by Sultan 2

The following also started, but were not placed; Lord Chesterfield's c, by Zinganee, out of Babel; Lord Verulam's c, by Bedlamite, out of Manille; Colonel Peel's b c Promethean, by Lamplighter, out of Sister to Spermaceti, and Mr. Wreford's b c Freeholder, by Luzborough.

Betting—5 to 4 agst Muezzin, and 3 to 1 agst Babel. Freeholder took the lead, and made running for about half a mile, followed by Muezzin and the Manille colt; these two then took it up, with the Lieutenant waiting at their heels; in coming into straight running Manille dropped off, and the Lieutenant took second place, keeping it till half-way up the distance, where he challenged Muezzin, and defeated him by a head, after a very fine race.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h ft; for 3 yr old fillies; Old Mile; 3 subs.—Mr. Greville's Marmalade walked over.

WEDNESDAY.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs, h ft; for 3 yr old colts 8st 7lb; fillies 8st 4lb, that never won. Old mile. 4 subs.
Lord Egremont's Helga 1
Lord Tavistock's Sister to Oak Apple 2

The Swinley Stakes of 25 sovs each; 3 yrs, 7st 4lb; 4 yrs, 8st 10lb; fillies allowed 3lb. Mile and a half. 4 subs.
Lord Exeter's Aurelius, 4 yrs 1
Duke of Rutland's Florestan (Darioletta colt), 4 yrs 2
Captain Williamson's Ainderby, 4 yrs 3
Sir G. Heathcote's Valentissimo, 4 yrs 4

Betting—10 to 6 agst. Aurelius, 3 to 1 agst Valentissimo, and 4 to 1 agst Ainderby; Aurelius made all the running, and won in a canter, by three lengths.

A Plate of £50 for all ages; 3 yrs 7st 4lb, and 4 yrs 8st 10lb; fillies allowed 3lb; winners in 1836 to carry 3lb extra. Mile and a half.
Lord Egremont's Helga, 3 yrs (post entered) 1
Mr. Forth's Knobstick, 4 yrs (post entered) 2
Mr. Kingston's Oberon, 3 yrs 3
Captain Gardnor's Skirmisher, 3 yrs 4

Betting—11 to 8 on Knobstick, and 3 to 1 against Helga.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h ft, for 3 yr old fillies. Old mile. 7 subs.
Colonel Peel's Arsenic, 8st 4lb 1
Lord Exeter's Toga, 8st 7lb 2

Betting—6 and 7 to 4 on Arsenic.

THURSDAY.

About a quarter before two o'clock their Majesties reached the course, and were warmly cheered throughout their passage to the royal stand; immediately after, the bell rung for clearing the course, and so dense was the crowd from the royal stand down to the distance post, that considerable time elapsed before the immense multitude could be got within the lines to admit of the commencement of the first race. We certainly never remember to have seen a more numerous assemblage of all descriptions. The sport was excellent.

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50 sovs each, h ft for 3 yr olds; fillies 8st 4lbs. Old mile. 4 subs.
Mr. Phillimore's Lady Anna 1
Mr. Greville's Marmalade 2

Even betting. Lady Anna made all the play, was never caught, and won cleverly by a length.

The Fern Hill Dinner Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft for 3 yr old; colts 8st 7lb; fillies 8st 4lb; 3lb and 4lb allowed, &c. From the Swinley post in. 8 subs.
Duke of Richmond's Haveldar, 8st 4lb 1
Duke of Beaufort's Esmeralda, 8st 1lb 2

The Gold Cup, value 300 sovs, by subscription of 20 sovs each, with 200 added from the fund; second horse to receive 50 sovs from stakes; 3 yrs, 6st 10lb; 4 yrs, 8st 2lb; 5 yrs, 8st 12lb; 6 yrs and aged, 9st 3lb; mare allowed 3lb. About two miles and a half. 12 subs.
Marquis of Westminster's Touchstone, 5 yrs 1
Mr. Theobald's Rockingham, 6 yrs 2
Mr. Robertson's Lucifer, 4 yrs 3
Lord Exeter's Aurelius, 4 yrs 4

Betting—6 to 5 against Touchstone, 6 to 4 against Rockingham, 5 to 1 against Aurelius, and 8 to 1 against Lucifer. Aurelius took the lead at a moderate pace, followed by Touchstone, both keeping their places for more than half a mile. Rockingham then went in front, Aurelius dropping into the rear, but all keeping close together. After running about a mile, Lucifer took the second place, and retained it till near the turn into the straight run home. Here Touchstone passed him, Rockingham still cutting out the work. At the betting stand, Touchstone went up, ran a few strides with him, quitted him, and won easily by two lengths, the other two beaten off some distance.

The Royal Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft; colts, 8st 7lbs; fillies, 8st 3lbs. New mile. 6 subs.
Lord Tavistock's Sister to Oak Apple 1
Lord Exeter's Toga 2

Two-year-old Stakes of 30 sovs each, 20 ft; colts, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 3lb; winners, 3lb extra. T. Y. C.
Capt. Gardnor's b c by Peter Lely, Phantasima 1
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. The Hermit, by Defence 2
Lord Exeter's b. f. Candia, by Sultan 3
Capt. Williamson's b c Arrow, by Cadland (3lb extra) 4
Sir G. Heathcote's b f by Shakspeare, out of Coma 5

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs h ft, 3 yrs old. Old mile. Mr. W. Edwards's Royal George walked over.

Match, 100 sovs h ft, T. Y. C.—Lord Conyngham's Heiress, 8 yrs, 8st 12lb, beat Capt. Gardnor's Magpie, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb. Won easily.

FRIDAY.

The sport was not good. Mr. Robertson's Olympic took the King's Plate; Mr. De Burgh's Jacopo was second. The Workingham Stakes were won by Lord Tavistock's Royal Oak, against a numerous field. The Buckhurst Stakes were taken by Lord Jersey's Bay Middleton; and the plate of 50*l.* by Lord Chesterfield's Zinganee. A grand stand is proposed for next year.

The Derby betting is 1000 to 60 against Captain Gardnor's Phantasima colt. Taken.

The races for June are—Hampton, 8; Newton, 8; Bath, 15; Buxton, 15; Newcastle, 20; Bibury, 22; Stockbridge, 23; Ludlow, 29; Winchester, 29.

Galignani reports thus of VERSAILLES RACES, MAY 27:—

Prize of 1,200f., added to a Sweepstakes 200f. each: three-quarters of a mile; the winner to be sold for 2,000f.
Duke of Orleans's b f La Perle 1
Lord H. Seymour's ch f Indiana 2
Baron Lecouteuix's b m Miss Tandem 3
M. Fasquel's b f Arlette 4

A prize of 3,000f., given by Lord H. Seymour, for horses of all ages; two mile heats; 200f. entrance to go to the second horse.
Duke of Orleans's ch f Volante 1 1
M. Fasquel's b h Moloch 2 2
M. Legigan's b c Silvino 3 3
M. Lupin's ch f Belida 4 4

A Prize of 500f., added to a Sweepstakes of 60f. each; heats once round.
M. Edgar Ney's b h Coroner 1 1
Lord H. Seymour's b m Alunda 2 2
M. Fleury's b h Little Body 3 3

MAY 29.—Prize of 2,400f.; 200f. entrance to go to the second horse.
M. Lupin's Belida 1
M. Legigan's b c Silvino 2

Match for 500f each.—Major Frazer's b h Coroner, 136lb, beat the Prince d'Eckmulh's b f Elsler, 100lb.

Silver Tea Service, value 3,000f.; 200f. entrance to go to the second horse.
Lord H. Seymour's b c Frank (7lb extra) 1
Count Grefulhes ch f Veronaise 2
M. Lupin's ch f Belida 3

Match of 1,000f. each.—Lord H. Seymour's b h Clarion beat Prince de la Moskowa's Anglesea.

Match of 1,000f. each.—M. Foult's b h Burlesque beat Baron Lecouteuix's Humbug; three-quarters of a mile.

Prize of 3,000f. for four year olds and upwards.
Duke of Orleans's gr f Volante (7lb extra) 1
Lord H. Seymour's ch c Albion 2
Baron Lecouteuix's Miss Tandem 3

Match of 1,000f. each.—M. Foultz's b m Burlesque, 110lb, beat Baron Lecouteuix's Humbug, 100lb.

Match, once round.—M. Fleury's Little Body beat M. Sabatier's ch f Catalini.

The last Derby has knocked up Mr. Ridsdale. His losses were immense, and he is gazetted a bankrupt as a "horse dealer." All his fine stud will come to the hammer.

Lord Suffield is commencing a small but valuable racing stud at New Market: his private trainer is Richard Boyce, the jockey.

Several boxing matches are in the wind—it is not worth while to give them the importance of a notice.

The exportation of crack cattle to America is now so prevalent, that the sporting world ask whether, in time, we may not be forced to return the compliment.

Newton Races (15 miles from Manchester—that is, midway between Manchester and Liverpool,) commence to-day. Already upwards of 100 horses have arrived, and the sport promises to be first rate. General Chasse, the Queen of Trumps, Inheritor, and other crack horses, are ready for the field, and in fine condition. These races usually last three days, but there will be an extra day's riding this year. The matches of the extra day (Saturday) are the Hokee Pokee stakes of £3 each, with £40 to the winning horse, and £10 to the second: a handicap sweepstakes of 3*l.* each, with 70*l.* added; and a trotting race, which is to be a sweepstakes of 10*l.* each, with 100*l.* added. The course is in fine order, and as additional carriages are to be placed on the rail road from Manchester and Liverpool, the concourse of company will be immense.

A crack racing match, for 200*l.*, came on this day week, between Lawrie Todd and Percy. The "knowing uns" of South Lancashire were "wide awake" on this occasion. The race came on at the Aintree race course, near Liverpool. All the crack sportsmen from Manchester and Liverpool were present, and the betting ran immensely high—Lawrie Todd being the favorite, *with few*, and 7 to 4 bet against him. The start was a fair one, and off the horses went like arrows

from the bows of archers. Percy made the best use of his legs, and kept the lead until within three lengths of the winning post, when Lawrie Todd shot by him, and won by half a length. The bets were heavy, and the Liverpool folks went home, whistling the pleasant air of "money in both pockets," while the Manchester yokels exchanged long purses for long faces, and were much annoyed at the loss of so much of the needful.

Some other matches of this sort are talked of.

Mr. Robinson, of London, has been backing himself largely that he will row from London to Gravesend and back (68 miles in all) in *eight* hours. Time is the favorite, but Robinson is one of the best scullers in London. The craft in the Thames, and the wash of the steamers will be against him:—if the wind be fair, I think he must win.

Ellen Tree and Power have returned to London. Charles Kean is in Ireland. Vestris is at Dublin. Mrs. Honey at Manchester. Harley, and Morris Barnett at Liverpool.

LATE ENGLISH SPORTING ITEMS.

We understand that a gentleman, whose name has not transpired, has paid 1,800*l.* into Lord Sefton's banking account, for money lost to the Hon. Berkeley Craven on the Derby or some previous race. The general opinion that the relatives will settle the deficiencies of the last mentioned gentleman is strengthened by the fact, that, by his premature death, the Hon. Keppel Craven comes into an income of 6,000*l.* per annum—an accession of fortune which, but for the circumstance of Mr. B Craven's heavy loss on the Derby, might have been delayed for some years. The credit of the living, as well as of the dead, requires that the bets should be paid.

Mr. Ridsdale, who lost so heavily on the last Derby, appears in Friday's Gazette. By this event a large breeding stud will be brought into the market.

It is calculated that at least ten thousand pounds were spent on Ascot race-course on the Cup day; yet the "generous churchwardens" who have had the mis-management of them, gave only 300*l.* in the whole meeting.

Newton Trotting Races continue to excite great interest. From the liberality with which they are supported, they will no doubt be made an annual thing.

The "consumptive" state of Ascot Races is attributed to their being left to the "tender mercy" of an undertaker.

Lord Suffield has commenced the formation of a small racing stud at Newmarket. His Lordship has engaged Richard Boyce as private trainer.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to give a free plate of 100 guineas to the Egham Races. Would it not be as well to withdraw the one from Guildford, where it is completely thrown away?

The want of accommodation for the ladies at Ascot Races has suggested the idea of a grand stand, on the same scale as that at Goodwood; if placed between the Royal and betting stands, it could not fail to answer. Upwards of one thousand ladies were unable to get even a glimpse of the course on the Cup day.

A correspondent informs us that the Two Year Old Stake at Manchester, was not won so easy as has been stated, and that the Cadland colt was only beaten by a head, and this with great difficulty.

We are requested to state that it was Templeman, and not Lye, who rode Trapball for the Liverpool St. Leger.

Wrestling.—The match between Dyer, jun., and Togood, for 25*l.* aside, was decided in favor of Dyer, on Tuesday, at the Wenlock Arms. In a subsequent match between Sam Cook and Emery, the latter was the winner.

Pistol-Shooting.—There was another pistol-match at Mr. Lang's Shooting Gallery, on Monday last, at twelve yards' distance, fifty shots each, between Minehart and the celebrated Somersetshire shot, which was won by the latter getting 190, and Minehart 188, although, at the fortieth shot, they were betting three to one against the Somersetshire gent.

Angling in Wales.—A person, named Thomas, was in April last committed to the Carnarvon gaol for one month, for attempting to take a trout with a fly, on the Gwydyr estate; and the county was consequently put to a heavy charge. The facts having been communicated to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, his Lordship repudiated such a stretch of the law, and peremptorily issued orders that all the waters on the Gwydyr estate should be left open to all lovers of the rod.

Muscular Strength.—On Sunday morning, a young man named Robert Fuller, in the employ of Mr. Rumsey, tripe-dresser, High-street, Shadwell, undertook, for a wager of twenty sovereigns and a supper of tripe, to carry two half hundred weights, one in each hand, from his master's shop, at the corner of Gould's-hill, to Dog-row, in the Mile-end road, and back, in the space of one hour. He started with the weights, in high spirits, followed by a great number of butchers and others, soon after four o'clock, and reached the corner of Dog-row in seventeen minutes and a half. Having partaken of some refreshment, he again set off, and reached his master's shop in the High-street, at the corner of the hill, in twenty-two minutes, thus performing the whole distance, rather more than three miles, including stoppages, in forty-two minutes and a half. His arms were much swollen, and the muscles distended, but otherwise he did not appear at all distressed. We understand Fuller has been again backed to perform the same task.

Leopard Hunt.—On Monday last, a strange-looking animal having been seen in the fields near Wheathamstead, Herts, a small party went in search, supposing it was a deer, which had been scared out of Brocket-hall Park by the gloomy looks of its noble occupier. Great was their surprise at finding in a hedge a large leopard, which stole away, followed at a respectful distance by the sportsmen, who were only armed with fowling-pieces loaded with swan-shot. As it was endeavoring to escape, it met a laborer at work in the fields, whom it attacked and dangerously wounded, but his life was saved by a mastiff fastening on the leopard, and enabling Mr. Norman Thrale to approach within a few yards, and disable it with a charge of swan-shot. It was shortly afterwards destroyed, and was found to weigh 14st. It had breakfasted off a dog, whose head was found. It is not known where the beast had escaped from. We may mention that the above courageous sportsman is the representative of the family of which Mr. Thrale, the celebrated brewer, was a member.

His Majesty gives a dinner to the Jockey Club on Wednesday next.

Fight for Tuesday next between Luney and Hampton.—The fourth deposit for this match was made good at the Grapes, Peter-street, on Monday evening last, and the next and last deposit of 5*l.* a-side will be made at Jem Ward's to-morrow. Luney has been training under the care of Peter Taylor, and is as fine as a star. Hampton is also in good condition; and, as this fight is to decide which will be champion of Lancashire, a high treat is expected. Betting was even from the time the match was made, until the last deposit, when guineas to pounds were offered on Luney, but no takers, though Hampton will have the advantage in weight by a stone or more, and is nearly two inches taller.

Jack Adams will fight any man in the world, and give him half a stone, for 50*l.* or 100*l.*; his weight is ten stone. Perhaps Hammer Lane, of Birmingham, will ask his mamma's permission to have a shy with the old veteran for the like sum. This challenge will lay open for one month, and, if not accepted, Adams will be contented with the title of Champion of the Light Weights.

An American Wedding.—I went by invitation to a wedding at the house of a man respectable enough, though not pretending to fashion. The ceremony was performed by a Methodist parson with all proper solemnity and decorum, after which the ladies sat round in a formidable circle, no man venturing among them, except the bridegroom, who sat next his bride, and the clergyman. Young men would occasionally hover about the outskirts of the cover, giving a glance or even a word of recognition; but the great body of the men adjourned into another room, where stood a table covered with plates of cake, and bottles of wine, brandy, and whiskey, and there they made themselves comfortable; hobnobbing and joking, and letting the ladies hear at a distance how hearty they could laugh. During this time the ladies were not neglected, for the happy groomsman, as was his bounden duty, carried round the good things, and regaled them: so it may be conjectured that they began to ferment a little, and that the contents of both rooms had only to be poured together, like Seidlitz mixtures, in order to cause a pretty considerable commotion. At this critical period the parson summoned all to prayer, and down popped every one on their knees on the floor, while an extemporary prayer was delivered, specifying particularly not only the newly married couple, but the people whose creature comforts we had been just discussing, and other relatives, accompanied as usual, with a groaning in the spirit, though in a minor key and diminished quantity. After prayer, and brandy and water, excitement had risen to such a pitch, that two or three young men ventured to crowd into a corner among the lasses, and a mutual good understanding was the immediate consequence. I remained an observer, and soon perceived that questions and commands, and cross-purposes, accompanied by the most willing forfeitures, were in progress, threatening to exhaust the supply of pocket-handkerchiefs, thimbles, and penknives. At length the releasing came by the usual modes made and provided in such extremities, till kiss and come again had paid the penalties for all.—Some new recruits joined in, and the games proceeded with increased spirit and rapidity, like machinery which works more freely after the first brush. I had just begun to think that they might as well omit the forfeits and other forms altogether, which had fallen into sad confusion and mismanagement, and to my surprise I perceived that I had dropped exactly into their own mode of thinking, for all ceremony was sent adrift: the gentlemen kissed the ladies, and the ladies smacked the gentlemen to their hearts' content; and as I could hardly expect any additional improvement or novelties, for the "force of kissing would no further go," I took my departure, and went homeward pondering much on what I had seen.

London New Monthly Magazine.

THE TURF,

(From a Correspondent)

The settling for the Derby took place on Tuesday last, and as usual, three of the greatest losers, Ridsdale, Gill, and Stretch, failed in making their appearance. How much longer will gentlemen continue to mix in the sporting ring with adventurers of this description? The risk they run of being *sold* is a sufficient *pull* against them, without the certainty of not obtaining half their gains when it happens that a piece of extraordinary good luck leaves them winners. We have over and over again cautioned men of respectability from turf matters and from turf associates, and we shall ever continue to do so as long as trainers and jockies are permitted to run horses of their own. Time was when the *field* was considered the better horse, and book-makers could obtain a handsome profit by betting round; that period is past, and consequently the general and *open* occupation of Messrs. Worrall, Bland, Greatorex, Cloves, and Teast, is now no more, and therefore the regular betting men, instead of keeping shop for the public at large, are now merely the *agents* of the Scotts and other trainers. From these persons they obtain the secrets of the relative powers of each horse in training, and consequently lay the odds against all those that they know are not to start, or are *not to have* a chance of winning, and *take* the odds about those of whom they receive a favorable report; *this* these men do for the trainers, and while executing for *them* this most *gentlemanly* office, take especial care to lay out something for themselves—this is the commission they obtain. Is it possible that men possessing one particle of principle, can thus lend themselves, then, to such a system of preconcerted plunder? and will *gentlemen*, after this exposure of *facts*, be weak enough again to trust them? Let us in exemplification of these assertions, just call the attention of the public to the circumstance of Mundig's being kept first favorite for the last St. Leger race, while the *agent* of his trainer was laying against him; among the sufferers by this horse, and therefore one of the victims to this species of robbery, was old Val Gould. Gentlemen, look to the next St. Leger—beware of Scott, beware of *Gladiator*—remember Mundig and Hornsea.

London Satirist.

Ole Bull, the Norwegian Violinist.—The *Globe* of Wednesday says:—Yesterday an extraordinary assemblage of all the celebrated artists and dilettani of the metropolis congregated at the King's Theatre to attend Mr. Ole Bull's second rehearsal. This gentleman's arrival in London has created no small sensation in the musical word, particularly among the Italian artists, who cannot comprehend the possibility of bow or body surpassing their "great compatriot," Paganini. The German Poles, and other natives of the north declare that the Signor must bow to the "*bow*" of Bull; and we are inclined to agree in the opinion. In power, pathos, rapidity of execution, (especially when the *staccato* bow is employed), and, above all, the unexampled precision and *truth* of intonation in rapid accents of the *highest* "harmonies," we do not hesitate to pronounce the Norwegian his superior. The lower notes of the former are peculiarly touching, and partake of a sentimentality of tone which in adagio players, find the way to the heart of every hearer irresistibly. From what we heard yesterday of this extraordinary self-taught youth's performance, we safely predict the pre-eminence of Ole Bull. The conduct of M. Moschelles in conducting the orchestra, was beyond all praise. Ole Bull's playing is full of passionate expression; and his manner of singing the fine tragic recitative which formed the opening of his pieces, was worthy of Malibran herself. His bow has the rapidity of lightning; and some of his long and learned *arpeggios* (in the old Tortini style, but infinitely more highly wrought), would puzzle the most consummate piano-forte player of the day. Nothing can be more pure, delicate, and sweet; and his *cantabile* passages were full of grace and beauty. One most remarkable feature in his performance is the amazing fulness of his harmony. We had long strains, in three distinct parts, executed as clearly as could have been done by three players, and with an equality of tone, and consequent unity of effect, which one player only could give. In this particular he has gone a step beyond Paganini himself. He is a young man of prepossessing appearance, and a very animated yet modest demeanor. He appeared highly delighted with the congratulations and applauses which were showered upon him from every side.

THE ANGLER'S EVEN SONG.

Sober eve is approaching, the sun is now set,
Though his beams on the hill-top are lingering
The west wind is still, and more clearly is heard
In meadow and forest the note of each bird:
The crows to their roost are now winging their way,
It is time to give over my fishing to-day.

I arose in the morn, ere the sun could prevail
To disperse the grey mist that hung low in the vale,
To the linn I went straight, distant ten miles or more,
Where the stream rushes down with a bound and a roar;
In the black pool below I had scarce thrown my line,
Ere a trout seized the fly, and directly was mine.

How they rose, and I hooked them, 'twere needless to tell;
I fished down the stream to the lone cradle-well,
Where I sate myself down on a stone that was nigh,
(For the sun now was bright, and the trout getting shy;)
A flask of good whiskey I had not failed to bring,
And I chasten'd its strength with a dash from the spring.

Though my creel be so large, to the lid closely filled,
It will not hold the trouts which since morning I've killed;
I must string on a withy three dozen or more—
I ne'er in a day caught so many before,—
But though heavy my creel, yet my heart is so light
That I'll sing a song of my fishing at night.

From the Angler's Souvenir for 1836.

The marriage of the fair daughter of a respectable Inn keeper of this city with the son of a country banker, has been the subject of much remark for some days past. It is stated that the young gentleman's friends were very strenuous in their opposition to the union, and resorted to the usual expedient for breaking off the match. But the hero was too deeply smitten to be moved by the paltry consideration of what are called prudential motives, and true to his early vows and the lovely object of his adoration, they became, in spite of all obstacles, one flesh.—He probably thought that it was not derogatory for one who was studying for a subordinate walk in the legal profession, to execute a deed of co-partnership with one who had practised at her bar with so much success and with the eminence of a silk gown. Never was leading counsel pressed with more suits, and never was cause ever brought more honourably out of court than this, in which there was an attachment issued against the person. The friends of the young gentleman remonstrated with mine host against the progress of the suit. The latter took the high ground which became a man whose avocation was precisely equal to that of the father of the right reverend and most respected Bishop of this diocese, the Lord Phillpots. He did not want to thrust his daughter into any man's family, but if young people were determined, this he would do—he would pay down for her marriage portion as much as the brother of the young gentleman had received with the daughter of a civic functionary whom he had lately led to the altar. The upshot of it was that the young people put an end to the strife which their courtship created, and that the Inn has lost one of its chief attractions. The potency of the ale still remains, but the fair hand that 'drew it mild' has departed. The charm is vanished. Leda hath deserted her *Swan*.

Exeter English Times.

Descriptive Notices of the House of Lords.—There are very few bald heads in this house, and a single red one. The Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Poltimore (Sir Charles Bamfylde, that was, a lineal descendant, it is said, of Bamfylde Moor Carew, the king of the beggars,) are the three best dressed Peers in the house. Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham are among the most carelessly dressed; the former *rollicks* along most good-naturedly, with a penny ash stick, bought from some Jew boy, in his hand. The present Prime Minister never wears gloves. Lord Brougham, for two or three winters past, has always worn one pair of shepherd's plaid trowsers—they were presented to him by some of the Yorkshire manufacturers. Water is the only beverage allowed in the House during debate. When the feelings of a Peer are overcome, or his physical powers exhausted, one of the attendants enters with a glass of cold water, but does not personally present it to the Peer for whom it was intended—one or other of his immediate friends advances, receives the glass from the attendant, and presents it to the speaking Peer. When Earl Grey rose to make his farewell speech, he had nearly fainted once or twice, and was waited on in this way by Lord Durham, his son-in-law. Lord Brougham, in one of his furious nights of debate, while he was yet in possession of the woolsack, drank freely out of a tumbler filled with red and sparkling liquor; it was somewhat redder than brandy and water, and more sparkling than port wine and water: nobody knew what it was, for it was understood that he brought in the glass himself; it was, however, considered to be medicine, as he had, a few nights before, said to Lord Londonderry in debate, that "the noble Marquis must have known that he (Lord Brougham) was unwell, from his frequent leaving of the woolsack; that, in short, the noble Marquis must have known, while in his Lordship's house, that he (Lord B.) was taking physic, and was obliged to retire in consequence."

Random Recollections of the House of Lords.

Battle with a Panther.—Captain Breeding, of the steamboat North America, gives us the following rencontre between one of his passengers and a large panther, while the boat lay at a wood-yard, about fifty miles below the Arkansas river, on 22d instant. Mr. Davis, the antagonist of the Panther, (or tiger as the Captain says, though we think it a mistake, as this animal is not known in the valley of the Mississippi,) had proceeded a short distance from the boat into a cane-brake, for the purpose of cutting fishing-rods, "when an enormous tiger, of a species rarely met with," sprang upon Mr. Davis, who fortunately had his Bowie knife drawn, and although the animal lacerated his arm severely, was soon beheaded. It measured 15½ feet from extremities.

Memphis Gaz.

A CRANE FIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

This species of Crane feeds only during the day. Besides the objects which I have already mentioned, it now and then swallows a mole or a meadow-mouse, and not unfortunately, I think, snakes of considerable length. I opened one that had a garter-snake, more than fifteen inches long, in the stomach. The wariness of this species is so remarkable, that it takes all the cunning and care of an Indian hunter to approach it at times, especially in the case of an old bird. The acuteness of their sight and hearing is quite wonderful. If they perceive a man approaching, even at the distance of a quarter of a mile, they are sure to take to wing. Should you accidentally tread on a stick and break it, or suddenly cock your gun, all the birds in the flock raise their heads and emit a cry. Shut the gate of a field after you, and from that moment they all watch your motions. To attempt to crawl towards them, even among long grass, after such an intimation, would be useless; and unless you lie in wait for them, and be careful to maintain a perfect silence, or may have the cover of some large trees, heaps of brushwood, or fallen logs, you may as well stay at home. They generally see you long before you perceive them, and, so long as they are aware that you have not observed them, they remain silent; but the moment that, by some inadvertency, you disclose to them your sense of their presence, some of them sound an alarm. For my part, reader, I would as soon undertake to catch a deer by fair running as to shoot a sand-hill crane that had observed me. Sometimes, indeed, towards the approach of spring, when they are ready to depart for their breeding grounds, the voice of one will startle and urge to flight all within a mile of the spot. When this happens, all the birds around join into a great flock, gradually rise in a spiral manner, ascend to a vast height, and sail off in a straight course. When wounded, these birds cannot be approached without a caution, as their powerful bill is capable of inflicting a severe wound. Knowing this as I do, I would counsel any sportsman not to leave his gun behind, while pursuing a wounded crane. One afternoon in winter, as I was descending the Mississippi, on my way to Natchez, I saw several cranes standing on a sand-bar. The sight of these beautiful birds excited in me a desire to procure some of them. Accordingly, taking a rifle and some ammunition, I left the flat-bottomed boat in a canoe, and told the men to watch for me, as the current was rapid at that place, the river being there narrowed by the sand-bar. I soon paddled myself to the shore, and having observed, that, by good management, I might approach the cranes under cover of a huge stranded tree, I landed opposite to it, drew up my canoe, and, laying myself flat on the sand, crawled the best way I could, pushing my gun before me.—On reaching the log, I cautiously raised my head opposite to a large branch, and saw the birds at a distance somewhat short of a hundred yards. I took, as I thought an excellent aim, although my anxiety to show the boatman how good a marksman I was, rendered it less sure than might otherwise have been. I fired, when all the birds flew off greatly alarmed, excepting one which leaped into the air, but came down again, and walked leisurely away with a drooping pinion.—As I rose on my feet, it saw me, I believe, for the first time, cried out lustily, and ran off with the speed of an ostrich. I left my rifle unloaded, and, in great haste, pursued the wounded bird, which, doubtless, would have escaped had it not made for a pile of drift wood, where I overtook it. As I approached it, panting and almost exhausted, it immediately raised itself to the full stretch of its body, legs, and neck, ruffled its feathers, shook them, and advanced towards me with open bill, and eyes glancing with anger. I cannot tell you whether it was from feeling almost exhausted with the fatigue of the chase; but, however it was, I felt unwilling to encounter my antagonist, and keeping my eye on him, moved backwards. The farther I removed, the more he advanced, until, at length, I fairly turned my back to him, and took to my heels, retreating with fully more speed than I had pursued. He followed, and I was glad to reach the river, into which I plunged up to the neck, calling out to my boatmen, who came up as fast as they could. The crane stood looking angrily on me all the while, immersed up to his belly in the water, and only a few yards distant, now and then making thrusts at me with his bill. There he stood until the people came up; and highly delighted they were with my situation. However, the battle was soon over, for, on landing, some of them struck the winged warrior on the neck with an oar, and we carried him on board.

Audubon's American Ornithological Biography.

Rifle Shooting.

On the 10th of April, Mr. N. Nadin killed a hare with a single ball at a distance of two hundred and sixty yards; and Mr. A. Bass killed one on the 18th, at a distance of a little more than three hundred yards. Both these shots were made in the presence of several bystanders, with a rifle made by Mr. Court, of Stapenhill, near Burton-upon-Trent.

Mr. N. Nadin resides at Stapenhill. Mr. Bass at Burton-upon-Trent.

London New Sporting Mag. for June, 1836.

Barbarities of Civil War.—Zumalacarreguy, as I have said, had ordered quarter to be given during the day; and the march had already been beat, when those who had been foremost in the pursuit returned, bringing back, after the other six hundred had been despatched to the rear, between eighty and a hundred fresh prisoners, whom they had captured under the walls of Vittoria. These were sent under escort across the mountains. As night was coming on, the captain of the company who had charge of them, and who had only been able to assemble thirty men of his company, found himself seriously embarrassed in the narrow and rocky roads, bordered on each side by a thick brushwood. Two of his prisoners had already made their escape, when he sent to Zumalacarreguy to inform him of it, and that, as he had only thirty men to guard them, he could not answer for his prisoners. "Get cords," said the general. He was answered that the villages had been abandoned, and that they had searched in vain for some. "Then put them to death—passar los por armas." With this reply the messenger returned; but immediately an aide-de-camp spurred after him to say, that care must be taken that Iturbide's division was not alarmed by the firing.—The captain, who was an old Navarrese of Mina's school, on receiving this order, sent for a serjeant and fifteen lancers, and causing his men to fix bayonets, commanded them to charge in the midst of the unfortunate wretches, who were all miserably slaughtered on the spot. The scene is said to have baffled all description; the unfortunate victims were shrieking for mercy and clasping the knees of their destroyers and their horses: several officers were among the slain.

Private and political feuds had, long before the death of Ferdinand, disturbed Bilboa; and armed groups of either party used to go out on the pretext of shooting game, but in reality to meet each other in the vineyards and woodlands around the town. The commencement of the civil war was, therefore, carried on, particularly in Biscay, with a degree of barbarity which is only witnessed in wars where family is armed against family. I will give an example of cruelty exercised against Zavala, beyond what Europe would believe of modern ages, and of the party who profess to desire nothing but the improvement of Spain.—Having, when pursued, sometimes obstinately defended himself, his two daughters, who had fallen into the hands of the Christinos, were dragged about, and always carried forward with the tirailleurs in every encounter by the garrison of Bilboa, which had daily skirmishes with him. Zavala, fearful of hurting his own children, was obliged to prevent his partisans from returning the enemy's fire, and precipitately to retreat. At length, driven almost to desperation, between the reproaches of his party and his paternal feelings, he sacrificed the latter to his duty; and having harangued his followers, placed them in ambush near a little village, of which I have forgotten the name, situated between Guernica and the sea. The enemy being informed of the circumstance, advanced along the road, leading forward as usual his two daughters. Zavala, in a firm voice, but with tears in his eyes, ordered his men to open their fire; and instantly rushing in with the bayonet, was fortunate enough to recover his children unhurt: they had, however, narrowly escaped, two of those who held them being killed in the first discharge.

Henningsen's Campaign with Zumalacarreguy.

A Taciturn Pair.—An individual, not abundantly gifted with that amenity which is necessary for self-comfort as it is pleasing to others in the perpetual intercourse of social life, fancied that he had justifiable cause for long-continued and unbroken taciturnity. His wife, after sitting for some time in the same room with him in annoying and gloomy silence, suddenly started up, and, taking a lighted candle, commenced a busy and seemingly anxious search after some missing object of deep and overpowering interest; looked over the mantlepiece and removed all its ornaments, opened every drawer and closet in the room, searched under all the chairs, lifted up the rug, turned up the edge of the carpet, raked in the ashes, ransacked the tea-kettle, rummaged the cellaret, and repeatedly scrutinized the same places over and over again. At length, fidgeted beyond endurance, his nerves wound up to such a pitch of curiosity as to be on the point of cracking, his impatience absolutely boiled over; and at last after many severe struggles to maintain his dignified taciturnity, and positively unable to hold out any longer, he relieved himself by giving vent to the exclamation, "My dear what are you searching after—what have you lost?"—"My dear, I was seeking for your tongue, which has been missing this fortnight; and if you had not found it for me now, I should have supposed it to be irretrievably mislaid."

Anecdotes of the Family Circle.

An English Park.—And it was scenery that deserved unmixed attention; green slopes lying in light contrasted with shadowy hollows; clumps of trees, or some majestic oak of five centuries' growth, which held up aloft, above its green leafiness, a splintered and whitened crown of decaying branches, or yet more grotesquely seemed bowed with the weight of its years, decaying in trunk and branch even while it yet garlanded a few outspreading arms with fresh verdure; here and there, too, lay herds of deer, the image of sylvan repose, or rushed passed them, startled from their rest, with a twinkling of horns, and a rush like the passing of a gale. Occasionally, too, they caught glimpses of still lake-like waters lying low and in its shadow, bordered round with reeds, or by the green smooth turf which was reflected as in a mirror. Herons were soaring away to their night-trees; there was now and then heard the deep, soothing coo of the wood-pigeon; and, advancing down the slope towards the house, under broad, spreading beech-trees, they perceived a troop of peacocks, arching their gorgeous necks, and extending their long trains on the turf. It was made up of images of grandeur—noble antiquity and present prosperity and ease; no wonder that our sanguine travellers soon forgot that doubt and disappointment have any part in human affairs.

Mary Howitt's Year in the Country.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1836.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, June 6, 1836.

London is fuller now then it has been since the gorgeous foolery—the coronation of George IV. Political excitement runs very high, and where it will stop no one knows. For my part, being no lord-lover, I take matters coolly, and think of Lords and Commons, that "when rogues fall out, honest men get their due."

The Princess Victoria will attain her majority, (18 years), in another twelvemonth. The young princes of Europe think her likely to be a "good speculation" and "a profitable investment." They are crowding around her already, like drones round a honey-comb. As yet, she has not shown a *penchant* for any of them. Her habits are quiet, but dignified: she dresses plainly, and is very fond of riding. She plays the piano well, and is a tolerable harpist. The only expensive portion of her dress is this—she wears the smallest watch that art can make or money purchase. She is fond of exercise, and is said to be well acquainted with the general constitutional law of England.

Now, for a whisper in your ear.—The Queen of Portugal is in a way which promises to eventuate in the perpetuation of the dynasty. She is *enceinte*, and the people of Lisbon are delighted with the hope of having the throne strengthened by a regular legitimate succession.

Lord Brougham appears to have *cut* politics. He is, with his wife, on a visit to their relative, Mr. Eden of Lincolnshire, and his health is constantly improving. If he choose, he can *now* have a seat in the Cabinet, for the ministry want the support of his sagacity and eloquence.

On Tuesday, in the Insolvent Debtor's Court, Mr. W. Cobbett, son of him of the Register, was discharged as an insolvent.

Some royal marriages are on the *tapis*. The young Duchess Theresa, daughter to the Archduke Charles, of Austria, is said to be the intended of King Otho, of Greece, who has now returned to Bavaria on a marriage speculation. It is generally affirmed, at Paris, that the Duc de Orleans is to marry—guess who?—no less than his cousin, Mademoiselle de Berri!! If Louis Phillipe can manage this, he will be a *great* negotiator. And yet, if, as appears likely, he is anxious to make *his* dynasty "legitimate," such an espousal would be a wise step. But, some way or other, the sovereigns of Europe seem disinclined to alliance with the Citizen-King. 'Tis pity that General Jackson has not a daughter for the "heir and hope of France," as his father calls him!

The influx of foreign families—royalty—from the continent, is immense this season. We have the Prince of Orange and two of his sons, the Prince and Princess of Capua, the Duke (William) of Brunswick; and of other reigning families we find the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, the hereditary Prince and Prince Albert ditto, the Prince of Leiningen, and Prince Ernest of Hess.

The Prince of Capua is believed to be in a fair way of reconcilement with his brother, the King of Naples. The Ex-Penelope Smith, now Princess of Capua, accompanies her royal spouse to the Continent. They remain at Rome until they have letters (of pardon?) from the King of Naples. The Princess is really a fine woman—tall, handsome, and witty.

Malibran, who has an *awful* spirit of her own, was at the Duchess of St. Albans' recent *fete*, at Holly Lodge, and as the Duchess appeared to treat her coolly, the fair *cancatrice* left the table, and went away without singing a note.

At Paris, the favorite ballet is *Le Diable Boiteux*. Fanny Esler figures in it, and turns hearts at will with her pirouettes.

Lord and Lady Stafford are spending the honeymoon at Paris. The lady is Miss Caton, your country woman, from Baltimore.

Strange, that while Lord Melbourne is in disgrace for gallantry, Thier's wife should be in the same predicament! The Prime Minister of England follows the plan of Tom Sheridan, his *chere amie's* father. To that worthy, while a bachelor, Brinsley Sheridan said—"Tom, I wish you would take a wife."—"Very well, father," said young Hopeful, "*whose* wife shall I take?" The damages in the case Norton *vs.* Melbourne, are laid at £10,000: the trial comes on June 19. The jury will be special, and Sir Robert Peel having been summoned on it, was struck off by Melbourne's attorney. It is said that evidence can be given to shew that Mrs. Norton was so badly treated by her husband, that it is no wonder she misbehaved—that, more than once, his brutality drove her to the house of her sister, Lady Seymour, and that, in fact, she was little to be blamed. This, it strikes me, is doubtful morality. The newspapers report, that in the Court of Common Pleas, on Saturday, Mr. Bayly moved, on the part of the Hon. Mr. Norton, (plaintiff), for a rule, calling defendant, (Lord Viscount Melbourne), to show cause why a commission should not issue to examine a witness at present resident in Ireland, whose testimony, it was sworn, was most material and important to the plaintiff's case. The Court granted a rule, and ordered it to be drawn up for Monday next, so that cause may be shown on Tuesday morning. The witness is a servant of *Lord Mulgrave*—it being said that his Lordship was a favorite of Mrs. Norton's prior to her *friendship* for Premier Melbourne.

All this time I am forgetting Thiers. He returned home the other evening, a few hours earlier than he had promised, and found the Count de Sercey *in no equivocal situation*, with Madame Thiers! The lady, "like Niobe, all tears," said that she was very sorry, and would not be naughty again!—Thiers, you should know, was one time the Count de Sercey of his wife's mamma!!!

European Royalty is an expensive material. Even in the little kingdom of Hanover, it costs a good round penny. A new law has recently been passed, which runs to this effect:—

"The King has for his family and Court, according to the Constitution, besides a capital of 600,000*l.* sterling, the dotation of the Crown, to the amount of 600,000 rix dollars. The Queen Dowager is to receive according to this law, on the appanages, besides a residence suitable to her rank, 40,000 rix dollars in gold, annually, and a sum of 10,000 rix dollars in gold as outfit. The Crown Prince receives, from the time he becomes of age, 30,000 dollars in gold annually, a residence suitable to his rank, and when he marries for the first time, an additional income of 10,000 rix dollars in gold. A Dowager Crown Princess, receives a fixture of 20,000 rix dollars in gold annually, besides a residence fitted up and furnished in a manner suitable to her rank. The Princes, sons of the King, receive 24,000 rix dollars in gold per annum, and on their marriage, an addition of 6,000 rix dollars in gold per annum. The Princesses, daughters of the King, receive on coming of age, 6,000 rix dollars in gold annually, which on their father's death is increased to 9,000 rix dollars in gold. On their marriage, they receive a portion of 50,000 rix dollars in gold. The sons of the Crown Prince receive from their coming of age, each an income of 20,000 rix dollars in gold.—The daughters of the Crown Prince, from their coming of age, 4,000 rix dollars in gold per annum, which if their father dies while Crown Prince, is increased to 6,000 rix dollars in gold. On their marriage, they receive 40,000 rix dollars in gold, as a portion, and the other grand daughters of the King, 20,000 rix dollars on their marriage. The appanages of the Princes descend in the male line, each alone, in the male line of the first possessor of the appanage. Should an appanage in the course of descent, fall below the amount of 3,000 rix dollars gold, it shall be made up to that sum out of the Public Treasury. On the death of the last male descendant of the first holder of the appanage, it returns to the State. The annuities of all the Princesses fall to the Public Treasury on their marriage or death.

Ellen Tree is at the Haymarket, and is very indifferently supported by Vandenhoff—he should never attempt comedy. His *Lord Townley* to Ellen Tree's *Lady Townley* was abominable: in tragedy, in the *one* line, he is now "the noblest Roman of them all."

Bunn depends now, exclusively, upon Malibran, in Balfe's opera of *The Maid of Artois*. She fills the house, and while the public are satisfied with this "damnable iteration," it is not for us, poor mortal writers, to complain. Malibran *makes* the opera; it all rests upon her shoulders, and well do they sustain it. The opera is a good acting one; in the first act we see Malibran, as the heroine, in the glitter and gaiety of a Parisian abode of *ton*; in act 2, she is as a sailor boy, following her lover; and in act 3, she, having found him, may be seen dying with him in a South American prairie. She individualizes each part.

At the English Opera House, de Pinna (author of "What Fairy-like Music") is bringing out an opera. It is called 'The Rose of the Alhambra.' Miss Shirreff, the pretty singer and great scold, will have the principal character.

At the Strand Theatre, Jerrold's dramas are *not* the most popular—this is odd, Jerrold being the manager.

Lablache brings out Donizetti's opera of *Marino Faliero*, for his benefit, on Monday. Tamburini and Grisi are in the cast.

Mitchell is about becoming Stage Manager of the Victoria Theatre, which will be re-opened without delay.

Power has returned to town from Liverpool, where the critics find fault with his vulgarity, and swear that he was born at Cardiff, in Wales!

Mr. George Jones, "the American tragedian," (as he is called), had a complimentary benefit, at Drury Lane, on Saturday evening. The performances selected for the occasion were *Hamlet*, the fourth act of *William Tell*, and the three last acts of *The Wonder*. Jones was a tolerable Hamlet, and very much applauded. He plays the character (and looks it) better than Charles Kemble, but not so well as Macready. Knowles' *William Tell* was curious:—the audience hissed him, upon which he came to the foot lights and asked what they hissed at? On this they hissed again. I am afraid it is too true that, on this occasion, Knowles had had "a wee drappie o'er much."

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd has presented Miss H. Faucit with a splendidly bound copy of his tragedy of *Ion*, accompanied by a letter, in which the author expresses himself highly gratified with Miss Faucit's personation of the very interesting character of *Clemanthe*. She took the character after Ellen Tree had once performed it. Miss Faucit's elder sister is at the Liverpool Theatre, but we do not hear that she is popular.

The Duke of Richmond's windfall, by the death of the Duke of Gordon, is £30,000 a-year.

TEXAS.

A magnificent dinner was given on Monday last, at the American Hotel, to some of the distinguished friends of Texas in Congress, at which SAMUEL SWARTWOUT, Esq., presided, assisted by Alderman STILLWELL, and WILLIS HALL, Esq., as Vice Presidents. We hardly need say that the entertainment was proportioned to the cause for which all were assembled. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, which was kindled into flames by the warm eloquence of the assembled guests, among whom were Governor Hamilton and the Hon. Wm. C. Preston of South Carolina, General Ripley of Louisiana, the Hon. Messrs. Peyton and Forrester of Tennessee, Mr. Calhoun, (brother of the Hon. John C. Calhoun), Gen. Sumner of Massachusetts, Col. Lewis and Major Newton, Texan Commissioners, the Mayor of the city, C. W. LAWRENCE, Esq., the editors of several of the principal papers in town, and the distinguished "strangers within our gates," known as the advocates of the cause of Texas. The remarks of the Hon. Mr. PRESTON, from South Carolina, were eminently spirited and soul-stirring. Such eloquence has not been listened to for years in our city, and could the bitterest foe to Texan independence have listened to them, he must have relented in his opposition to the cause of Texan Liberty and Human Freedom.

We had purposed giving a detailed account of this delightful and harmonious festival, but our limits will not allow of it. We can only repeat that it was every way worthy of the cause it was designed to aid. The wrongs of Texas were recalled to mind in eloquent phrase, and her victories, and the glories of her Spartan leaders were set forth by "the lips of those who can speak well."

It was a meet and fitting festival, as subsequent events have shown. The latest news we have from Texas represent an army of the perfidious Mexicans, to the number of 7000, as again polluting the soil of Texas with their unhallowed tread. The little band of Texans opposed to them had been placed under the command of the late Secretary of War, MIRABEAU B. LAMAR. From our knowledge of this gentleman, we may safely say that all will be done that man can do, and we shall err widely if any complaints are made of procrastination, or want of energy while the Texans operate under the direction of this gentleman. But the odds against the Texans are fearful. It will be the final death struggle on the part of Mexico, and bloody and awful will be the issue if she prevails. But she will not prevail! A brave handful of Texans, under their gallant leader, will resist them, if necessary, till they all perish, like those who fell at Thermopylæ; by this resistance, the Mexicans will become disheartened, and their brave foes will be roused by despair and the extremity of their danger. A thousand rifles, with brave men to use them, will pour in from Kentucky and Tennessee, and if the issue of the struggle can be made to hinge on one decisive action, we shall count upon a victory not less decided or less glorious than that of the far famed feld of San Jacinto. Texas must win her independence, and to repeat the *thought* of Gov. Hamilton, so eloquently expressed on Monday last, when pointing to the ample folds of our own colors, waving gloriously beside him, "On its beautiful field of azure there is 'room and verge enough' to hold another bright star in the constellation which now shines upon it."

We have before us a bill of the play at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on the 4th of June last, when a complimentary benefit was given to MR. GEORGE JONES, of this city. Sheridan Knowles, Mrs. Nesbitt, and others, volunteered. Jones played Hamlet, and Don Felix in The Wonder, to Mrs. N.'s Donna Violante. Knowles appeared in an act of William Tell. Jones was called for after the curtain dropped, and in fine, every thing "went merry as a marriage bell."

☞ A very interesting extract from the new novel of *Elksnatawa*, giving a graphic picture of *Life in the West*, will be found on the 182d page. The book is a capital one, and we cannot do more to further its rapid sale than by stating it is written by Mr. French, author of "Eccentricities of David Crockett," and presenting the selections from its pages referred to above.

The puny punsters of the Star conceive themselves learned pundits at a pun They have pungently maintained with little regard to punctilio a punic war with Finn, whose punitive powers will ensure their punctual punishment for the punch they give him in the annexed pun, which only requires a better punctuation to make a puncture in the punitive punster, compared with whom they are as a tumbler of punch to a puncheon:—

"Finn, the prince of punsters, is exercising his finns in aquatic gymnastics, at his beautiful villa on the sea shore at Newport, *a la mode de Kean*, at his island of Bute. But Finn is no Bu-te."

The following announcement came to us, accompanied by such a delicious slice of wedding cake, tied up, too, with such a beautiful true-lover's-knot, that we feel obliged to give it a place:—

Married, on the evening of the 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Rowland, Mr. JOHN BURDELL, Dentist, to Miss MARGARET, youngest daughter of William Al Burtis, Esq., all of this city.

While our hand is in, we may as well congratulate our friend Greeley, which we do heartily, upon the fact mentioned below:—

Married, at Warrenton, N. C., on the 5th instant, HORACE GREELEY, Esq., editor of "The New-Yorker," to Miss MARY Y. CHENEY, of that place.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW: By the Rev. Orville Dewey. In 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street. 1836.

Any book from the pen of so eloquent a man as Mr. Dewey, must be read with avidity. In this instance, the theme selected would inspire the dullest *bookmaker*. It consists of a journal of reflections and observations, made on a tour in Europe.

It abounds in passages of great beauty, and the whole work is marked by taste and learning. They are the reflections of one eminently fitted to appreciate the humanities of European life, and to commend them to his own countrymen. We admire the charity with which the eloquent tourist discusses the religious prejudices and rites of Catholic countries, and the vigor and manliness displayed in his defence of the civil institutions of this country.

We may have been a little disappointed in the book from having anticipated too much,—indeed the interest is not uniformly maintained,—but yet we commend it as a sensible and entertaining production, in the most familiar manner, by a scholar and a gentleman.

☞ COLMAN has just opened his new store at 205 Broadway—fitted up with a taste and style surpassing himself. We have so much to say of his cabinet of literary curiosi that we must defer our remarks until next week.

In a window of the house of an old woman in Pittsburgh is a sign, of which the following is a true copy:—

"FreSh bEAr gUde poartEr,. nu eyDur, gInger kake, No whiSky soUld of sunDAse, waLk in ginTleMin, SeaGaars gratiS."

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

The Park is doing a very fair business yet,—Hill, John Reeve, Mrs. Maeder, Mrs. Lewis, and Emma Wheatley are the attraction. The present is the season of benefits and green apples. Ritchings and Mrs. Hillson have both received substantial tokens of general approbation this week. Eaton is here.

Miss Nelson and Downe, the flutist, have been giving Concerts at Nashville. The former has left for St. Louis with Mrs. Gibbs, where Sol. Smith is "carrying on the war" with great spirit, being well supported at all points. Field, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Meadows, and others, are with him. Ludlow & Smith's new theatre is going up rapidly. Miss Riddle closed a successful engagement there on the 23d June, and passed through this city last Saturday on a visit to Boston. We must have a taste of her quality before she returns South.

A great benefit for Texas was given at Louisville on the 8th inst., when Mesdames Duff, and Knight, Mr. C. and Miss Mason, Russell, Parsons, and Hodges volunteered. We will go a huckleberry to a persimmon, Joel G. Seaver knows who wrote the reply tendering the services of one of the *dramatis personæ* to the committee of arrangements.

The Cowells, Mrs. and Miss Russell, are at Cincinnati, where Fred. S. Hill is doing a great business with "The Jewess."

Blake and Dinneford closed their Albany theatre last week, after a very fair season—for Albany. The horses were not particularly "shy" until after the 4th July.

The Tremont s closed—to open about the middle of August. Mr. Barry is now in town drumming up recruits and looking out for something novel, grand, and *recherché*, for the Bostonians.

We have quite a number of "great creatures" about town now, in the shape of managers;—there is Russell of New Orleans, (will arrive here to-day), Ludlow of Mobile, Barry of Boston, and Blake of Albany, besides agents or co-managers from half the theatres in the country. Clever people, we hear, they find very scarce—all engaged already worth having. Two of the principal managers alluded to, intend visiting Buffalo and the Canadas, to see what they can pick up by the way-side in those quarters. Latham sailed last Wednesday in the packet for Liverpool, to see what he can do for Caldwell over the water.

Hill, Reeve, Mrs. McLean, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Barnes, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Phillips, Emma Wheatley, and other "Park people," are *in* town—John R. Scott is *up*-town, and the "small fry" of the Bowery *on* the town. Hamblin will not close yet a while—his houses are very tol-lol, considering that the thermometer in his pit stands at 104 degrees, there or thereabouts. The Park closes for a *rather* short season on the 31st of August, and re-opens on the 1st September.—Mrs. Hamblin is clearing something, we hope, by the Richmond Hill theatre.—The Franklin and National are filled with carpenters and painters. It is *mortar*-fying to see both houses filled with nought but masons and hod carriers.

The new theatre at Lexington, Ky., was opened last week, with Mrs. Drake, Miss Petrie, Walton, and others. The progress of the Drama at the West is truly wonderful.

CONCERTS AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.

[*Communication.*]

This delightful summer retreat has, during the warm weather, been the resort of all the beauty and fashion of New York; and its numerous visitors have been nightly enraptured with the splendid performances of music, by a combination of talent equal to anything of the kind offered for public patronage in Europe at five times the price of admission. This we can assert upon the authority of an amateur of acknowledged musical abilities. Mrs. Watson possesses a voice, which, for purity and beauty of tone, is unsurpassed—it is evidently susceptible of much greater efforts, we don't even except Cinderella, which she played in a style truly fascinating, and equal to any *Cantratice* we have seen in the character, and we predict, that should she decide on performing the part of *Amina* in the Somnambula, she would be eminently successful. Her ballad singing is certainly beyond all praise—her pathos and feeling in John Anderson my Joe, and Annot Lyle, are exquisitely touching, and produce in us (if we may use the expression) an extacy of entrancing melancholy, which crowds into the associations of the moment, the memory of years. Of Miss Charlotte Watson's talents it would be a work of supererogation to speak. She also sings from the heart, to the heart, and the personal charms of these two Syrens add not a little to their attraction. Their performance of the Boat Duett produces an effect almost electrical, it has made an impression which will never be effaced,—it is nightly encored *threetimes*. Mr. C. E. Horn, who by the bye, has perfectly recovered his voice, has afforded great pleasure by his excellent style of singing. His song, descriptive of a sea fight, and his Rosalie, by Beethoven, are perfect gems in their way. Signor Fabj, who has the most powerful tenor voice we ever heard, except Ineledon, in his best day, sings some pieces from La Sonnambula in fine style, and appears to give universal satisfaction, being generally encored. We have likewise had, during the past week, that celebrated performer on the clarionet, Mr. Jas. Kendall, whose most extraordinary executions upon that instrument elicit not only the astonishment, but admiration of his professional brethren. And Signor Gambati on the valve trumpet is, we understand, engaged for the season, and having quite recovered from a local inflamation of the lips, occasioned by severe practice, will nightly gratify the visitors with one of his grand fantasias. We observe the band to be most excellently constructed,—Boucher is the leader, Casolani double bass, Kendall clarionet, Kyle flute, Gambati trumpet, &c. &c., the whole conducted by Mr. Watson, whose abilities as a singing master, composer and conductor, have been already appreciated by the public. The gardens are much improved. The saloon has been enlarged, and will now accommodate 4 or 500 persons more than it did last season. We are most happy to see that Mr. Niblo and Mr. Watson have made arrangements to give *three* Concerts per week, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, *rain or shine*, so that no disappointment can possibly take place, and the lovers of sweet sounds can wile away a tedious hour on a wet evening, in the enjoyment of the finest of all intellectual and rational amusements—Music. ☞

POSTSCRIPT.

Clara Howard has been taken up already, and will appear on the turf this fall, to give Post Boy, Mingo, and Bay Maria an opportunity to show their best time.

John Bascombe is said to be "laying off" at Petersburg, Va., at one of Col. Johnson's stables, ready to rake the courses each side of him in the fall. "If these things are so," which we are inclined to doubt, will he do it?

P.S. *John Bascombe* has finally left Va., after waiting until about the 1st of July, in hopes of another match, but his friends and Post Boy's could not agree, though the latter made several offers to meet him in the Fall. He arrived at Augusta, Ga. on the 11th inst., and has "taken lodgings" at Mr. John G. Winter's stable, where are *Bill Austin*, *Hickory John*, *Long Measure*, and other good ones.

Mr. Arthur Cotten, of Tenn., has sold *John Dawson*, by Pacific, for $5,000 cash, to Mr. Harrison, of Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

June 13th, 1836. jy 23

MR. WILLIS AGAIN.—This gentleman has obtained for himself a celebrity, both here as well as in the mother land, whence he has just returned, which few of his countrymen have ever attained; indeed none, we believe, with the exception of *Washington Irving*. The whole of his productions have been there read with a surprising avidity, and unlike most authors, continues to gain accession of fame by his every subsequent work. We copy the following flattering notice of his new production from the *London Morning Chronicle*:—

"MR. WILLIS'S NEW WORK, '*Inkling's of Adventure*.'—In this interesting production, Mr. Willis exhibits his knowledge of effect in some fine descriptions of American scenery, drawn with those occasional glimpses of a poet's power of illustration which he so eminently possesses. The work abounds in personal descriptions and adventures; he is extremely successful in subjects which are susceptible of being treated in a picturesque manner; it is here that he gives us a vivid transcript of the impressions of the moment. There is a spirit and ease in his narratives which are extremely interesting; the liveliness of his style carries the reader forward, and keeps up his attention to the end. His curiosity and love of enterprize are unbounded; he envies even the roving Fakeers, because they see the world. We are not surprised to find that the work is becoming extremely popular."

Sporting Intelligence.

ON-DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

CHALLENGE FOR $5,000 A-SIDE!—Col. Geo. Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., will run his filly, *Sarah Bladen*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, against "any thing that wears hair" for Five Thousand Dollars a-side, half forfeit, to be closed by the 27th of Sept. next. Race to come off over the Nashville Course, on the first Monday in June, 1837.—[We cannot make out from the letter before us what distance is intended to be run, but presume, from the age of the filly, now two years old, that it should be mile heats.—Ed.]

We are desired to state, that after *Linnet's* match with *Coahoma*, at Alexandria, La., in Dec. next, she will be ready to accept any proposition to run either four or two miles, for *any sum above Ten Thousand Dollars!*

Jesse Cage, of Gallatin, Tenn., recently sold a Leviathan colt, out of a Sir William mare, to Mr. Harrison, of Lowndes Co., Ala., for $2,500—the pewter fork'd up! Let breeders mark this—twenty-five hundred dollars cash for a colt.

Gen. J. A. Mabry, of Tenn., has about twenty Leviathan colts and fillies. As that stock is now selling at the West, they are worth nearly or quite as many thousand dollars.

Coahoma,—between whom and *Linnet* a match for $15,000 is concluded, to come off on the 15th Dec., over the Rapides Course, Alexandria, La.,—has been owned and trained for the last eighteen months by Francis Henderson, Esq., of Cotile, Parish of Rapides, La., who will train him for the match on his private track. The match on Caohoma was made by Mr. W. W. Gift, though Mr. H. has an interest in the same. From the phraseology of the paragraph announcing the same, in the Spirit of the Times, the idea might have been conveyed that Mr. Gift was the owner of the horse he named to compete with Linnet, and we are induced to give this recapitulation of facts in justice to Mr. Henderson, a turfman *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Col. James Shy, of Lexington, Ky., offers to meet the get of *Lance* and *Medoc* with that of his horse *Messenger Duroc*. The Kentucky turfmen will take the field in great force in a few seasons, having brought lots of fine horses into that state within the last two or three years.

We had the pleasure of seeing *Bonnets o' Blue* last week, at the superb country seat of her owner, Wm. Gibbons, Esq. This justly celebrated race nag has a very fine colt by her side, by Shark, of large size, clean limbs, and in color a shade lighter than its sire. It moves with all the grace and agility of a mountain deer, and should it be found to inherit even a portion of the fleetness and game of its sire and dam, it will cut out work for the fast ones before many years; $2500 would not purchase him. Bonnets and *Sally Slouch* have been served by *Trustee* this season. It is singular, that breeding as Mr. G. does, from thorough bred mares, distinguished on the turf, and the most fashionable stallions of the day, his stable should not have shown to greater advantage on the race track. However, hard luck, like the longest day, comes to an end, and Mr. G.'s may be brought up with a round turn when his young stock "shows" on the turf, for the get of Eclipse, Shark, and Trustee, out of such racers as Bonnets and Sally Slouch, is "obligated" to make things ache!

Bay Middleton, the winner of the Derby at Epsom this spring, won the 2,000 guinea stakes at Newmarket from Elis by a neck. The distance—Rowley mile, *i. e.* one mile and a yard—carrying eight stone and seven pounds, was run in 1m. 30s.! One minute and thirty seconds! Rather a fastish thing for a three year old colt with 119 pounds on his back. I don't believe it.

A correspondent states that *Skylark*, who has been purchased, with *Zinganee*, the celebrated Plate horse, by Messrs. Merritt & Co., of Va., has won forty-two races, 24 of which were King's Plates. Zinganee's performances are equally splendid, if not more so. Neither ever won the Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger Stakes. Messrs. M. & Co. import them this fall, we hear, with other blood stock.

The Old London Sporting Magazine promises to give in its next number (for July,) portraits of *Bay Middleton*, the winner of the Derby, and of *Cyprian*, the winner of the Oaks. The June No. before us contains a portrait of *Dover*, a son of Patron, who was never trained, but on account of his extraordinary beauty and symmetry, was selected for exportation as a stallion to New South Wales.

The English sporting periodicals are vastly elated at the result of *Nonpareil's* trotting match, who recently completed 100 miles over Sunbury common, (the precise ground over which *Tom Thumb's* performance was made,) in nine hours, fifty-six minutes, and fifty-seven seconds, in harness. The Old Sporting Magazine commences a report of the trot to this effect:—

"The Americans have generally claimed the superiority over the Mother country in trotting-horses, even though we had several *fireaways, phenomena*, and *pretenders*, as they would be termed by Jonathan, who is never backward in playing *first-fiddle*—at least *on paper*. We need not repeat the anecdote of the Englishman *mistaking* the mile for tomb stones; though all must admit the performances of the American trotters have been first-rate."

Mr. Dixon, the owner of the mare, offers to trot her the same distance, over the same road, in nine hours and a half; to which the Sport. Mag. remarks,—"All we have to say to this is, let him beware the fate of Rattler."

The thirteen colts belonging to the Hampton Course Stud, brought 1,789 guineas, and the seven fillies 1,057 gs., making in all 2,846 gs., or about $14,000!

Mr. E. H. Boardman, of Huntsville, Ala., has sold *Cathleen* to John C. Beasley, Esq., of the same place, for $2,000. We understand Mr. Boardman's breeding stud is looking exceedingly promising this season. It is not improbable that his brother, John Boardman, Esq., now in this city, will soon visit Europe on account of his health. If so, and the voyage operate so much to his advantage as we should hope, a deal of useful information relative to blood stock, etc. in England, may be expected from him on his return.

The editor of the Turf Register, in an article on Breeding for the Turf, gives us the following table, which we re-publish, as a matter of reference, though, with the exception of three horses named, the sales of each with the price annexed, have before appeared in our columns, thanks to the kindness of numerous correspondents:—

"The annexed list of sales that have come to the knowledge of the writer, and which may be greatly increased, if a general list of sales could be made out, shew not only a large aggregate amount, but a high individual value, far beyond the most sanguine expectations of the writer, long accustomed to view this subject in the most favorable light, and I may add in the strong language of Dr. Johnson, that in the rearing of thoroughbred stock, a man 'has the potentiality of becoming rich, even *beyond the dreams of avarice*.'

Argyle, lately in shares at the valuation of	$15,000
John Buscombe, sold for division	16,000
Lauderdale,	3,000
Betsey Malone,	3,000
Linnet,	3,000
Cippus and Miss Maynard,	4,000
Leviathan, c. 2 yrs. old, unbroken, bred by Hon. Bailie Peyton,	2,000
Leviathan c. two yrs. old, bred by James Jackson, Esq.	1,500
Bay Maria,	6,000
Sussex c. bred by Mr. Ridgely,	750
Orozabo,	1,000
Buccanier,	1,500
Netty,	1,500
Experiment, sold first at two, then at four thousand,	4,000
	$62,250

Many sales besides those above enumerated, have been effected since the first of January last, and several are now on the tapis to the knowledge of the writer; but these are sufficient to shew the immense profit of breeding from the right sort; here we have fifteen colts and fillies bringing in the aggregate $62,950, and at the average $4,150. What can? What does pay better? And every man in the country, who has the means to buy a mare, the spirit and liberality to breed her to a fine horse, must come in for his full share of this truly golden harvest."

We think we stated some time since that James S. Garrison, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., had purchased one half of the Washington City Course, and that hereafter it would be under the direction of himself and the former proprietor, Capt. Y. N. Oliver. We allude to the fact to remark, that extensive improvements are in progress, which will render the Washington Course and track worthy of The *National* Jockey Club.

The New London Sporting Magazine for June, after enumerating the English stallions in this country, asks, "Is it not possible that, at some future day, we may have to go to the United States to purchase some of the stout running, lasting sort?"

In an article over the signature of "An Amateur," in this paper of the 11th ult., in relation to *John Bascombe*, it was the impression of the writer that his breeder, Mr. John Conolly, once had an interest in the celebrated *Monsieur Tonson*, and that the latter also was bred in Mr. C.'s neighborhood. A correspondent at Nashville writes us in reply, that Monsieur Tonson was raised by Mr. Thomas Foxall, of Gallatin, Tenn., (by Pacific,) out of his mare, Madame Tonson, and by him sold to O. Shelby, Esq., for $1,000. Mr. Shelby afterwards exchanged Monsieur Tonson for Mr. Thomas Watson's *Stockholder*, and the latter sold him to Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Va., in whose stable he still remains.—[Monsieur Tonson is standing at Halifax, C. H., Va., at the stable of Wm. W. Hurt, Esq., at $60 and $100.—Ed.]

Our Nashville friend continues—"Mr. Foxall also had out of the same mare (Madame Tonson,) *Sir Henry Tonson*, *Sir Richard*, and *Champion*. The latter was the winner of the four mile day at Nashville, about as many years since, and is now in the stable of Col. Kemp, of Ala., but has not signalized himself in the breeding stud." Sir Henry Tonson is standing with considerable reputation at the stable of Robt. S. Wooding, Esq., at Jackson, Northampton Co., N. C., at $50 and $75.

Col. George Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., has sold his mare *Parasol*, by Napoleon, and her three Leviathan colts, for $2,000—"the beans planked."

A friend writes from Nashville, that he saw on the 5th inst. two most beautiful *Prairie Mares*, bought from the Camanche Indians, by Lieut. Ury, U. S. A., and by him placed with Col. Elliott, to be served by Leviathan and St. Giles.

An old subscriber at Wheeling, Va., writes after this wise:—"I wonder if it would astonish the Eastern folks to tell them that a *Boat Club* has been organized out here—'*out back*,' as they term our country? Well, such is the fact, and what is more extraordinary, they purchased their boat in Philadelphia, and had her transported over the mighty Alleghanies. Her original name was the 'Aurora,' under which she obtained no little notoriety in the East on account of her speed. She is now being newly painted, and will in future be distinguished by the appellation of '*Virginia*.' She is forty-five feet long, and when all hands are aboard, if they choose to give 'a pull, a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all-together,' she can outrow any thing that floats on the Ohio—steam-boats, flat-boats, broad-horns, tow-boats, schooners and pine-rafts not excepted. Another Club is about to be organized here; they will have their boat made here. As Wheeling is famous for turning out '*bully boats*,' I have no doubt the 'Virginia' will find her a mighty ugly customer."

To those gentlemen visiting the Springs, fond of good fishing and shooting, we would recommend Hadley Falls and Luzerne, two very pretty villages, about 25 miles north-west of Saratoga. Rockwell's hotel, in Luzerne, is one of the best in Warren County, and we can attest, from experience, that it seems to be the general desire of the good people in that section of the country to make their visiters as comfortable as possible. The deer are very plenty there, as also almost every variety of small game, while for trout and perch fishing, we know of few places that can afford anglers equal enjoyment.

For fear that some of our readers might have overlooked a graphic description of *A Quarter Race in Kentucky*, published in the Spirit of the Times of 9th July, on the 162d page, we beg leave to call their attention to it, as one of the most amusing original articles that ever appeared in this paper. We need not repeat that we shall feel obliged, and our readers gratified, by similar articles from the same source.

Mr. James Read, the pugilist, completed a Herculean match last week on the road between Newcastle and Wilmington, Del., that nearly, if not quite, comes up to the performances of Townsend, the English pedestrian. The Delaware Gazette (published at Wilmington) says:—

"*Mr. James Read*, the pugilist, performed his feat of strength and speed on Tuesday last, much to the satisfaction of all his friends. He ran from Newcastle to this city, drew a sulky weighing 240lbs. one mile of the distance, and picked up on the Wilmington Bridge 50 potatoes, one yard apart, and carried each singly to the end of the bridge, in one hour and five minutes,—being 25 minutes less than the time limited. The whole distance passed over has been computed at about eight miles. A large number of our citizens collected on the bridge to witness the termination of the performance, and were greatly surprised to see Mr. Read coming in before five o'clock, who, after accomplishing his feat, ran up Market-street to his lodgings, distancing our fastest runners, and evincing his readiness to make another trial. We are informed that Mr. Read can be backed to the amount of $1,000, that no individual except the famous Stannard can perform the same feat in the same space of time."

The Evening Star, an efficient advocate of "the noble art of self-defence," a fews days since remarked, that Washington was a scientific pugilist, and that Gen Jackson is an amateur. We know nothing about the matter, save that Old Hickory, in his day, has taken and given some pretty hard knocks!

A Mr. Cochran is in town, exhibiting a *new rifle*, that is said to challenge attention. It has a horizontal revolving breech, containing 12 chambers for charges, which can be discharged at the rate of ten per minute. The rifle itself is said to be "neat and handy," and the invention to be equally applicable to all description of fire-arms, from a young pistol up to an old cannon. Pistols on this principle would have been the very things for Messrs. Jennifer and Bynum in their recent duel at Washington, where they were obliged to re-load six times. The friends of Texas would do well to give Mr. Cochran an order for a few hundred. As the Mexicans are described as shrouded in *darkness*, these twelve-shotted rifles would be "just the kick" to make *daylight* shine through them!

Mr. Edward Troye the animal painter, we see is in Nashville, Tenn. By the way, Mons. Milliet, a French artist, has just finished a superb portrait of *Post Boy*, his first attempt in this country, and a fine likeness it is. It may be seen at Bancroft's bookstore, 8 Astor House. Post Boy being a short-backed horse, should not have been taken with his saddle on, nor in a position requiring him to be foreshortened.

Pennsylvania vs. *Virginia*. The last Turf Register informs us that a match has been concluded between Mr. John Heth's ch. c. *Decatur*, by Henry, and Mr. Wm. Coleman's ch. c. *Carroll*, by Sir Charles, for $6,000 a side, h. ft., to come off on the Central Course, on the second day of spring meeting, 1837.

Mr. Elliott was challenged last week that he could not ride one of his pair of ponies once around the Harlem Trotting Course and eighty paces, in 2m. 50s. He accomplished it in 2m. 47s., after having driven his horses a long ride the same afternoon. The match was made—money up, and won in half an hour from the time the banter was made. As Goldfinch says in the play, "I'm for life and a curricle! Dam'me, that's your sort!"

"THE WOOD WITH THE BARK OFF!"

Gen. J. A. Mabry, *Georgetown, Ky.*, June 21, 1836.

Your publication in the Nashville Republican, [from the N. Y. Spirit of the Times], was sent to me by a friend to-day. I will run my filly *Mistletoe*, agst. *Lilac*, two mile heats, over the Louisville, Oakland Course, on Tuesday the 20th of September next, for FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS *against* FOUR THOUSAND, half forfeit. The forfeit to be deposited in the Bank of Kentucky, in Louisville, by the 15th day of August next: or I will deposite $2000 in the Bank of Kentucky, and you may deposite $2000 in the Union Bank of Tennessee, at Nashville, and the Cashiers may exchange certificates of deposite. The rules of the Central Course to govern the race.

If you think the sum proposed too much, you may reduce it to $2,500 against $2000, half forfeit, &c. &c.

In consequence of the absence of Mr. Stewart, my trainer, I had no means of ascertaining what the 3 years colts you mention could do. I do not, therefore, feel willing to make a race against a tried colt, and a winner. The three year old colts, moreover, do not belong to me, and I therefore decline that part of your proposition. I name Tuesday, 20th of September, because it is the day before the match of *Rodolph* and *Angora*.

☞ An early answer is desired. J. R. WARD.

Boat Race next Monday.—A boat race for $500 a-side will take place on Monday next, from Hoboken, to row two miles and a half up the North River, around a fastened stake, and return. Four oars each. The competitors are the Governor's Island boat *Spring*, and the New York boat *Erie*.

The Association Boat Clubs must turn out and show these people the way. Two to one they get rowed around.

Another Course in New Jersey!—We hear another course will go into operation at Camden next season, under the auspices of one of the most eminent turfites in Virginia, so that there will be two within half a dozen miles of one another, in addition to the Hunting Park Course Philadelphia, just opposite Stables can hereafter run at the Union Course the 1st Tuesday in May, at the Eagle, Trenton, the 2d, and at the two new courses the 3d and 4th—then visit the Central, turn a double corner at the Kendall, and be back in time for the second meetings.

THE CAPTAIN'S RACE—A FAIR BANTER.

We intended, after "A Subscriber's" communication of last week on the question whether *The Captain* or *Clara Howard* had made the best two mile race, to let the matter drop, but such a flood of letters, etc., has poured in upon us, that we devote a small space to-day to a re-consideration of some of the facts in the premises.

A distinguished turfman of Philadelphia and others, assure us that the Washington Course is as well adapted for quick time, if not better, than the Union Course. They state, that previous to The Captain's race, it had been graded, clayed, rolled, and levelled, and in fact, at great expense put in the most perfect order. Highly as they estimate the brilliancy of The Captain's achievement, they deem it but an act of sheer justice to Clara Howard, and others, to maintain that the Washington track is as well adapted for quick time as any in the United States, and protest against any attempt to heighten the fine race of The Captain by asserting to the contrary. As "A Subscriber," to our knowledge, was absent from Washington a great portion of the winter and spring, he may not have been aware of the extent of the improvements made upon the track by Capt. Oliver. The track at the time Post Boy broke his legs upon it, and until lately, has been in a wretched state—concealed rocks, deep sand, or heavy clay nearly covering its surface; we understood Capt. O. had got it in better order since it came into his hands, but were not aware that so much had been done to improve it as we are assured is the case, by several turfmen who saw The Captain's race. The character of "A Subscriber" as a liberal turfman and a gentleman, is a guarantee that he has "nothing extenuated nor set down aught in malice," in his communications, and we have the utmost confidence in the belief that if he *has* erred in his estimate of the adaptation for quick time of the two courses, no one will be more ready to acknowledge it than himself.

A Baltimore correspondent, well-known to "A Subscriber," and to the sporting world generally, has written us a long letter on the subject with rather too much warmth for the present hot weather. The gist of his observations is subjoined:—

Our Baltimore friend states that an attempt is making to give The Captain more reputation than he deserves; and 2dly, that he could not have won the 3d heat in the race referred to;—that *Jessup* and *Pythias* ran lapped the whole two miles, and when The Captain made his run on the last qr. stretch home, that he actually lost ground. This heat was run in 3m. 50s., and if The Catain could have won that, our correspondent thinks he surely ought to have won the 4th, which was run in 4m. 7s., Jessup, the winner, being lame. The writer continues,—"The Captain might have won the 1st heat had he contended for it, though *Monmouth* ran him up to the neck in the 2d, and a —— tight squeeze at that!"

Again the writer goes on to say, "the Washington Course has been improved by carting earth or mould on the sandy parts, and on the day of The Captain's race it was in splendid order, and as well adapted for fast time as the Union Course." Again,—"I have seen The Captain run nearly all his races, and consider him a tip top single two mile horse and no more. If he has ever run two good heats in one race I have never seen it." But here comes the pith and marrow of our Baltimore correspondent's letter, which we give in his own words:—

"Should you take any notice of these remarks, (those alluded to above,) and the friends of *The Captain* deny them, *I will put The Captain to the test*, AND RUN HIM WITH PYTHIAS, four mile heats over the Kendall Course at the next meeting, for ONE or TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

RIVAL IMPORTED STALLIONS.

Our readers may remember that in May last, we transferred to our columns from a Tennessee paper, a paragraph containing certain propositions from Messrs. James Jackson & Co., the owners of *Leviathan*, *St. Giles*, etc., addressed to Messrs. Merritt & Co., of Va., who at the time had three horses, *Luzborough*, *Merman*, etc., standing in Tennessee. "The party of the first part," (Messrs. Jackson & Co.) offered to run the get of their three stallions of this season, against the get of the three stallions of "the party of the second part," (Messrs. Merritt & Co.) the preliminaries of which proposition, Messrs. Merritt & Co., in "A Card" published the week following in this paper, characterized as "unfair, unsportsmanlike, and inadmissible." The "Card" referred to has elicited the following reply, to which we are requested to give an insertion:—

A CARD.

One of the partners of the firm of James Jackson & Co., having, during his late visit to New York, observed in the *New York Spirit of the Times* of June 4th inst., a Card from Messrs. Merritt & Co. of Va., in reply to "an article copied from a Tennessee paper, and inserted in the Spirit of the Times of the 14th of May," declining propositions on the part of James Jackson & Co., to run the get of their *three* imported horses, *now in Tennessee*, against the get of the *three* of Messrs. Merritt & Co., also *at this time* in that state, Messrs. Merritt & Co. in turn proposing to run the get of three of their stallions, to be selected from the *whole* of those imported by them, *thirteen* in number, thereby assuming in point of choice, an advantage, in the ratio of *thirteen to three*, as James Jackson & Co. possess only *Leviathan*, *St. Giles*, and *Lapdog*.

Notwithstanding this numerical odds, so decidedly in favor of Messrs. Merritt & Co., in making a selection, and their preference evinced by this proviso in their proposition, to a choice from the get of some of their *ten* horses *not at present in Tennessee*, over their *three now there*; James Jackson & Co. will, nevertheless, indulge Messrs. Merritt & Co. in this latitude, nay, a wider field than they even ask, will not confine them in making choice to their own limit, "the get of three," will meet the proposal of Messrs. Merritt & Co. yet more liberally, so far even as to run such colts or fillies, as they (James Jackson & Co.) may select from any, either, or all of their *three* stallions above named, against such colts or fillies as Messrs. Merritt & Co. may select from the get of any, either, or all of their *thirteen* imported horses, *Chateau Margaux*, *Tranby*, *Emancipation*, *Whale*, *Sarpedon*, *Luzborough*, *Claret*, *Fell*, *Flexible*, *Shakspeare*, *Margrave*, *Rowton*, and *Merman*; thus affording Messrs. Merritt & Co. the *whole range* of their *entire and extensive importations*, which, while it fully meets the shape which Messrs. Merritt & Co. have given to the arrangement, assuredly gives those gentlemen more scope than they have asked. Lest, however, any thing more should be wanting, and the further to insure Messrs. Merritt & Co. every possible facility and extension as to selection; James Jackson & Co. propose, that each party, on the first of December 1838, name 20, or if preferred, 30 colts and fillies, then one year old past, the get of any, either, or all of their respective stallions before named, from which nominations they respectively bring to the Post such as they please, and as many as there may be matches, running a different one each match.

Messrs. Merritt & Co. having condescended to give to James Jackson & Co. the naming the number of matches, "four or more," and the *amount of the stakes*, "$5,000 (or more if wished) each, half forfeit,"—the *time, place, or places of running*, the writer of this communication, now in Philadelphia, upon his return to Alabama, will consult his partners, and thereupon address Messrs. Merritt & Co. further on those points, in specific terms, such as will no doubt accord with the spirit of their proposal.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

AN ELECTION, A RIFLE MATCH, AN INDIAN STORY, AND A MAIDEN SPEECH.

* * * * * He was almost as much delighted at them as Rolfe himself, and urging him to prosecute the resolution he had formed, he stated, that he was tired of the woods, and intended to run for the office of sheriff, which was to be filled in a neighboring county at their next court. Rolfe suggested to him that he did not think he was sufficiently well acquainted with accounts. Earth admitted that he was not as smart at figures as some people he had seen, but said he knew as much as Bob Black, who was the only candidate he had heard spoken of, and added, "Rolfe, if I don't know how to make out a big account agin a poor fellow, why it don't matter much; and if one is able to pay, and won't, why 'taint worth while to be so particular, I will lick him until he settles up, so I think I can make the eends meet."

"Very well then," said Rolfe, "take a chance, and, if elected, try and qualify yourself for the office."

"Well, now," said Earth, "you have hit the nail right on the head, for that is just what I mean to do, and if I don't hull out Bob Black, I'm a heap worse than I look for."

Time wore on:—court day arrived, and Bob Black and Earthquake were the only candidates. Near a large square log building, called the court-house, and which had been built for that purpose, until a better one could supply its place, a crowd had gathered, and appearances indicated that no very ordinary event was about to occur; for the multitude swaggered about with an important air, and each one felt larger than on ordinary occasions. Moreover, they seemed excited, not by artificial stimulus, but by the importance of some coming event. That the hour which custom had set apart as the time when they should begin to drink had not arrived, if you are a shrewd observer, you would have seen at a glance; for many of the crowd would change a heavy quid from the left to the right side, and cocking up their eyes at the sun, gaze for a moment to see the hour, then shake their heads and cast them down, as if disappointed; and then, if you had been present, you would have heard inquiries of this sort:—"Who toasts the silver time of day in his pocket?" and perhaps an answer to this effect:—"Lawyer Rolfe: he's a gentleman all over, and a nation fine man." Then if you would keep a sharp look out, you might have seen several pressing forward towards Rolfe, who stood in earnest conversation just before a small tippling shop, and to the remark, "you toast the silver time of day, 'Squire, tell us the hour," have heard Rolfe reply, "twelve, by every good watch, for you know time flies faster on election than on other days;" and then turning to the bar-keeper, say, "give us a gallon of your best." At that call, the tobacco fell in large wads upon the ground, and a pleasing smile played over their countenances.

Yes, it was both an election and court day.—Rolfe was to make his first appearance at the Kentucky bar, and our old friend Earth was to run for the sheriffalty. The space which was marked out as the court-yard, was merely a clearing in the forest, from which the trees had been lately removed, and which still presented an unseemly appearance, from the many stumps which were yet left standing. In this place the multitude had collected, and it was as marked in its aspect as the spot it occupied. There were present persons of all ages, of all sizes, and of all shapes; and they were clad in garments as dissimilar as themselves. They were habited in hunting shirts, or wrapped in blankets, or wore buckskin breeches, which fitted them tightly, and on their heads they had hats or caps of every shape, and in the latter were exhibited the skins of almost every animal indigenous to our country. Besides these I have particularized, there were also present many well dressed, foppishly dressed, and genteel looking men, who were in fact no better than those we have described, for all were frank, honest, and hospitable; and throughout this multitude were poking about, wherever an opening in the crowd would permit it, women and children, as dissimilar in appearance as the men we have already characterized, and from it, the noise of a thousand jarring voices broke upon the ear. On the outside of the court-yard, and in every direction, fastened to every tree or limb which would swing a bridle, was seen a mule, a jackass, or a horse. They were in every condition, from Don Quixotte's Rosinante to that of an Englishman's best hunter. On some there were saddles and bridles. Others had no saddles, but meal bags or blankets were made to serve the same purpose, and with them grape vines or twisted hickory withes, were used as bridles. They amused themselves in various ways,—the mules and jackasses by braying, most of the horses by whickering, whenever any stranger came up,—and the whole by kicking occasionally, with the exception of a few, to whom years had given great gravity of character, and they seemed to derive much enjoyment by scraping, with their teeth, the bark from the trees.

Of the men who were present, at least three-fourths brought rifles, and soon began to amuse themselves by shooting for what they significantly denominated a quart. The remainder, gathered in groups, were either talking politics or discussing the claims of the respective candidates, with the exception of those who were in the court-house, the Court being in session.

So much for the general appearance. Now let us enter some of these groups, and see if we cannot make ourselves familiarly acquainted with at least one of the actors. A tree is blazed,—a small black spot, made with moistened powder, is seen in its centre, and at a distance of about fifty yards, a crowd, composed chiefly of hunters, with now and then a woman or a child, have already collected. The candidates for the sheriffalty are also among the number.

"What shall we shoot for?" asked a hunter, as stepping out he toed the mark.

"Why, a quart to be sure," was the reply.

Then throwing up his piece, crack went his rifle, and the crowd running to the target, cried, "not so coarse,—he grazed the black."

"Coarse as rough bricks," said a hunter, "he'll pay for the quart."

"Clear away for the candidates?" was now the cry. "Bob, step forward, and show your metal." Bob did as desired, and blazed away. The crowd again ran forward, and cried, "Hurrah! for Bob Black,—he is into the black, but upon the outer edge."

"That's not so bad," said Bob.

"Bad as green gourds," said our old friend Earth, "if it was a varmunt, and you could only see his eye.—Clear the track, I'm coming, with my head and tail both up." Then stepping forward, he took his position:—a moment more, and crack went his rifle. The crowd again ran forward, and cried—"into the centre. Hurrah for Earth,—he's a caution, I tell you."

"I knowed it," said Earth, "she never lies if I point her straight;" then turning to his opponent, Bob Black, "don't you think you would make a beautiful sheriff,—can't shoot nearer than the outside of a black. Bob, I'd change my name if I could'nt always stick by it."

At this moment, some one cried out, "'Squire Rolfe is going to speak in the court-house," and away they hastened, to hear his maiden speech. The court-house, as before stated, was merely an unfloored log building. Upon a plank, a little elevated, and placed against the side fronting the door, the magistrates were sitting; and just before them, seated on a bench, were ranged the lawyers. Rolfe was to make his maiden speech. He had been employed by a man who was very badly beaten, to bring an action of assault and battery, with a hope of recovering damages enough to compensate him in some measure, for the injury inflicted.—This was the case now to be tried. The jury having been sworn, the witnesses examined, and all the other formalities gone through, Rolfe rose. "Now tear away," said Earth, who was at his elbow, "as if you did'nt care for nobody."

Rolfe smiled at Earth's remark, and proceeded in a dignified and lucid manner to open his case, and bring forward to the notice of the jury, those points in the evidence which he thought would justly entitle his client to heavy damages, and upon which he intended to rest his claim. Having done so, in as brief a manner as practicable, and not seeing what possible ground his adversary could occupy, for the law and evidence were both against him, he was seated, and the opposing counsel, who was a genuine son of the West, and whom Rolfe had not before observed, rose in reply:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—The tremendous occasion which has called us together is one of the very darkest peril to my client.

"The poet has beautifully said, 'loud roars the dreadful thunder.' But, gentlemen, to be squeezed inside of a gaol, is not the thing that it is cracked up to be. The lightning's flash may blaze entirely athwart the heavens; but, gentlemen, to lie upon a dirt floor, and drink cold water, is an awful catastrophe. The poet has said, gentlemen, 'all that glitters is not gold,' and I ask you, if when this man came at my client like a roaring lion, and would have used him up in two minutes, if he was wrong just to take his eyes into his hands, and squeeze 'em for a short time. Gentlemen, I know there is not one of you so lost to feeling—so lost to every thing that an honorable man owes himself,—but instead of letting them go, after squeezing them a short time, but would have put them into his breeches pocket, and walked off, and let the fellow go about his business. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, I see it in you, there is not one of you but would have jumped upon him, and have galloped him around this court-house a half a dozen times.—A good for nothing scoundrel, to pretent to come at my client in such a vig'rous manner. But, gentlemen of the jury, the poet has mighty prettily said, 'the day of retribution is at hand,'—and, gentlemen, the counsel who is opposed to me, will try very hard to convince you that this is a sublime wound,—that my client ought to pay a tall, a very tall price for it; but the grapes are sour—they hang mighty high—I see it in your eyes. Gentlemen, you know all about the way in which a knife can be made to dig into one, when a man is in earnest. Now, I ask you, if this is a sublime wound? Do you think my client was in earnest when he struck him? You all have seen it. It is not more than three inches long, and about two inches deep, and he has pretended to bring such a case as that into this court-house. The time of the Court, gentlemen, ought not to be taken up with such trifling matters, and I beg your pardon for having detained you as long as I have. Gentlemen, I know your verdict,—I know what it will be,—I am satisfied;—I will close these few remarks with a quotation—a very, very apt quotation to this case:—'A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod.'—Yes, mark me, gentlemen:—

'A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,'

But—

'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

It is needless to say any thing more about the case;—Rolfe could not contend with such an opponent, and was consequently beaten. His defeat, however, was more strongly characterized by Earth. The case having been decided, Earth left the court-house, to electioneer with the crowd for the office he desired. Upon going out, some one who had not as yet heard the decision, cried out, "Well, Earth, how did the 'squire come out?"

"The fellow bulled him as clean as wheat," said Earth, "he fairly tore the wool off; but Rolfe is a larning;—he did better the last time than he did the first. He don't rare and pitch enough;—I must talk to him, and I think I can make him come to it, arter a while."

Earth having again entered the crowd, began to electioneer for the office he so much desired.—"Come boys," said he, addressing himself to all around him, including many whose locks were frosted over with age, "let's go and take a little, for I am as dry as a bone." Away they went, and having drank, some one of the group was reminded of a good anecdote, which he told, and at which, being in good humor, they all heartily laughed. When the merriment had somewhat subsided, "Come, Earth, said an old hunter, "a sheriff ought always to be able to tell a good story, that he may amuse a fellow when he is making him shell out,—let us see what you can do in that way."

"Time enough," said Earth, "when I am elected; but at present, I must knock about, to see if I cannot pick up a vote or two."

"The best way to pick up votes, Earth," replied an acquaintance, "is to tell a good story."

"Very well then, Jack," said Earth, addressing the last speaker, "make a ring and give me fair play, and I will tell one, and whether it be good or bad, I leave you all to judge. It shall be the truth, that is, it shall be something which has happened to me at some time of my life, and if after telling it, you don't vote for me, if I don't lick you, I will agree never to take another 'coon hunt."

"Then whack away," said Jack.

"Well, well, well, well, once upon a time," began Earth.

"And what happened then," asked one of the group.

"Why, so many things have happened to me," said Earth, "since I've been rooting about in these woods, that I hardly know what to tell, or which will interest you most."

"Then tell us of the time you floated down the Ohio."

"Well, well," said Earth, bursting into a loud laugh, "I will tell you that, for I had almost clean forgot it; but I was in a predicament, wan't I?"

"Tell us the story and we shall then be able to judge," said an old hunter, who, standing near, was leaning on his rifle; "do begin, Earth, and make no more preparation: you take as long to git under way as a man does who breaks a yoke of young steers, or greases a pair of cart wheels, before he sets out upon his journey."

"Then I'm off, old man," said Earth, "but I must take a running start, and begin agin."

"Well, well, well, well—once upon a time I had taken my old bitch Jupiter, that you have often heard me tell of;—old Jupe was a nice thing,—I had taken her 'long, and gone off upon a bear hunt, had been absent two or three weeks, and had wandered very far from home. I was a venturesome lad in those days, and never better satisfied than when alone in the wild woods. I had worked my way down into the fork formed by the emptying of the Cumberland into the Ohio river, and I had worried the bears right badly. I had had rare sport. Old Jupe was in a good humor, and she and I was mighty loving, for she had fou't some fights which I never can forgit, and which made me love her like a new flint, and she loved me as if I was a bacon bone, for I had helped her out of some of her difficulties, when it would have been a gone case if I had'nt been present;—I say difficulties, for I never did see a dog so tired as she was. I do believe, during some of these fights that I am now talking about, I saw the bears hug her, until they stretched her out into a long string. Yes, I have seen 'em squeeze her, until she wan't larger than my arm, and at least nine or ten feet long;—you might have wound her up into a ball, just as you would have done a hank of yarn,—"

"Then they must have killed her, Earth," said one of the group.

"You know nothing about it," said Earth, "don't interrupt me; but I am good for your vote;" then turning to the crowd, "ain't it so, gentlemen, don't he forfeit it for stopping me?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then I have already made two votes," said Earth.

All now cried, "Go on Earth, go on with your story."

"Well," said Earth, "he stopped me something about the bears killing Jupe;—Now old Jupe wan't of that breed of dogs at all, for when she was stretched out in a string, or even tangled up in a knot, I would shoot the bear, draw her off one side, throw a little cold water over her, leave her, and go to butchering. In an hour, and sometimes it would take longer, she would begin to come together like a jointed snake, and presently, she would fetch a yelp, and come streaking it to me, shaped as she ought to be, showing her teeth, and looking as fresh as if she was a new made dog. And then wan't she vig'rous? Yes, who says she wan't? You might have hung a cross-cut saw on a swinging limb, and she would have chawed upon it the balance of the day,—or have thrown her a bear's head, and she wouldn't touch the meat, but draw all the teeth out merely for spite. But there was one thing I noticed about old Jupe,—whenever the bears stretched her out into a string, she always lost her appetite for the remainder of the day. Well, old Jupe and I were down there, and we had been doing pretty much what I have been telling you, when one day the bears spun her out rather longer than usual, and she got cut so badly, that we had to rest during the whole of the evening. I was sorry for old Jupe, but did'nt care much about having to stop myself, for I was right tired and wanted rest, having seen hard times that week.

"The sun, I suppose, was about an hour high, and I was setting down under a big tree, nursing old Jupe, and trying to see if I could'nt set her upon her legs agin, when she raised up her nose and snuffed the air,—then looked in my face and whined. As she did this, I saw the hair upon her back begin to rise. I knew that there was danger in the wind, and from what old Jupe had told me, I thought the red shins were about. The Ingens were not so rife then as they had been;—it was the fall before 'Squire Rolfe came out from the old state; but people had to keep a sharp look out, for they would come down upon the settlements once in a while, and they were mighty apt to carry off somebody's hair with them.

"Well, as soon as old Jupe spoke to me, I looked about, and seed five coming right along in the direction in which I was. They were well loaded, and I knowed at once that they had been down upon the settlements, and were now making their way to the river, that they might cross over and get clear. Although I saw them, I knew they had'nt seen me; so I gathered up my things to start off, without thinking that old Jupe was so badly cut she could'nt follow. When I was ready, I looked at old Jupe,—she tried to get up, but could'nt,—my eyes felt watery, for I hated to leave her, and I had'nt a minute to spare. But old Jupe was a sensible dog; yes, as I said before, she was a nice thing, for without speaking a word, she poked her nose under the leaves, as much as to say, cover me over, and leave me. I did so, and gitting a tree between me and the Ingins, I streaked it. You ought to have seen me run, to know how fast a man ought to move when Ingens are after him. Well, arter streaking it awhile, I thought it would never do to go off that way, and know nothing about 'em, so I began to hawl in my horns, and back a little. I got behind a tree, and kept a sharp look out:—presently I seed them all coming straight towards me; so I buckled off agin, and went for some distance, like a bear through a cane brake, and then stopped, and took a stand. I had'nt been there long, before I seed them coming agin. The reason why I saw them so often was, that I kept before them, knowing that they were making straight for the river. I watched them narrowly, looked at 'em with both eyes wide open, and saw they did'nt seem to have any notion of me, but were putting it down fast and heavy that they might git across. It was now getting dark, and I knew that under cover of the night, as they did not suspect any body was near 'em, I could keep close enough to watch them without their knowing it, and this I determined to do, thinking that by possibility something might happen to pay me for my trouble. You all know I never spared an Ingen; no, there don't breathe one who can say I ever showed him any favor. Well, I kept on before 'em until I got down upon the river bank. It was now quite dark, and growing more so every minute; for a fog was rising from the surface of the water. I looked about to see if they had a boat there, thinking if they had one, I would take it, and let them git across as they could. I was searching longer than I thought for, and did'nt know how the time passed, for suddenly I heard them coming down to the river, at the very point where I was. I was now skeered, and looked about to see if I could get out of the way; but there was no place to hide, and it was too late to escape, either up or down the bank. I'm a gone case, thought I,—used up at last; but just at that moment, I saw a large log or tree, which had been lodged by some high freshet; for one end of it still rested on the bank, while the other extended out into the stream. Said I to myself, 'I'll git upon this, for it is so dark they can't see me, and I can then keep a bright look out upon their movements;' so I stepped on it, and crawled along to the far end. I found that the log was floating, and getting as near the small end as I could, I straddled it, putting my legs in the water to steady me, and laid my rifle across my lap. 'Oh! that it would but float off,' said I, but it would'nt.

"Well, down to the water they all came, and stood in about fifteen or twenty feet of me. 'It is all over now,' thought I; 'if discovered, I am used up as fine as salt;—if I ain't, there is no bad taste in a rough simmon.' Well, there they stood in a good humor, laughing and talking, about I hardly know what, for I could'nt catch many of their words. At last, I heard one of 'em say, in Shawanee, 'where is the canoe? It must be close by. Step upon the log and find it.'

'Hold my gun,' answered one of 'em, and passing it to one of his friends, he stepped upon the log and began to walk right to where I was. Now did'nt I squat low, and feel mean? But hush; he had'nt got far before another must jump on, to help him find the boat. This last one had only walked a few steps, when the log slipped, and splash it came right in the river with the two Ingens. They both held on, though they got a little wet, and the first thing I knowed the log was going out into the stream with all three of us on it. It was slanting at first, and slipping, got pushed off. Those on shore set up a loud laugh, and they would'nt hear any thing until it was too late to give any help. But for those on the log, it was no joke; for they were already out in the stream, and going down it, with a swart current. They now hallooed manfully for help, and those on shore, seeing how it was, told them to hold on, and that they would find the boat and take them off. Well, I have often told you I had seen hard times, now wa'nt here a *predicament*? On a log with two Ingens, and floating along at night down the Ohio. Well, sure enough, there I was, and what did I think of? why, of every thing in this world; it really made me feel quite knotty, and what to do, I did'nt know. We had now floated two or three hundred yards, and I was sitting, as I told you before, straddled on the small end, and jest as silent as a deer listening for the dogs, thinking how the affair would terminate, when one of the Ingens, who was still standing upon the log, stepped off upon one of the limbs to make room for his companion. His stepping caused the log to creen me in the water, and forgetting where I was, and what I was about, I cried, 'stop! stop! you'll turn me over.' 'Oh hell!' said I to myself, 'it is all over now—clean gone this time.' How the Ingens looked, I don't know, for it was so dark I could'nt see their faces, but they must have been worse skeered than I was, for I knew who they were, and they did'nt know who or what I was. They kept muttering something very fast, and I thought they were going to quit the log and streak it, but arter a few minutes they became silent, and began peeping towards where I was, like a couple of turkies looking for worms. And then one said, 'don't you see something?' 'Yes,' answered the other, 'dark lump; bear perhaps;' and then the one who first spoke, cried out 'who's there?' I did'nt answer, but I growed small so fast, trying to squeeze myself out of sight, that my skin hung as loose as if it was a big jacket. They kept peeping at me, and I heard one say, 'it is no bear. It is a man, look at his head.' When I heard him say so, I was so mad I wished my head was under the log, but then I thought if it was, I would'nt be any better off than I was then, so I straightened up; I knowed they had seen me, and I thought t'wa'nt worth while to play 'possum any longer. Well, when I straightened up, he cried out agin, 'who's there?' 'I am here,' said I, speaking in his own language. The moment I spoke, he laughed, and said to the other, 'he is a pale face.'"

"How could he tell that, Earth," inquired another of the group, "you say that it was dark, and a fog was rising."

"I've got you, Jim," said Earth, then pausing, he began to count on his fingers, saying, "that is four, no three; don't forget it Jim."

"Go on, go on, Earth," cried half a dozen voices.

"Well, the reason he knowed me so quick was, that he seed I did'nt speak the real Ingen. Arter he had told the other that I was a pale face, he turned to me, and said, 'what you doing there?' 'sitting down straddle on the small eend,' said I. When I said this, they burst out into a laugh: I myself was in no laughing humor, and it did'nt sound to me like a laugh, but like a sort of a chuckle, and one said to the other, 'he is a pale face, a lean dog, sleeping on a log, we did catch him good,' and saying this, they put their hands to their mouth, and gave the war whoop. I tell you what, it was an awful sound, and then they told their companions on shore that a pale face was on the log with them, to get the boat and come quick. Those on shore answered them, and ran laughing down the river looking for the boat, and keeping along with the log. I now found that I must go at the old work, and my bristles began to rise."

"Come here," said one of 'em, beckoning to me. "Come quick, before the others come: I want your hair."

"What did he mean by that?" said one, who with the most fixed attention had been standing by eagerly devouring all that Earth had been telling.

"Why, he wanted to scalp me, but recollect, if you please, I have your vote, too," said Earth, again pausing an instant, "That is five, no four. Well, when he called me to him to let him have my hair, I could'nt stand it any longer, but throwing up my rifle, blazed away; he jumped up like a buck, and fell splash in the water. My rifle made a mighty pretty noise, and I heard the report rolling away or miles up and down the river. As soon as I fired, the Ingens on the bank also screamed the war whoop, and the fellow on the log cried out to 'em to bring his gun. I jumped up and crawled at him, he gathered up an old limb and stood his ground. The first thing I knowed, he come down upon me all in a heap, breaking the old limb into a dozen pieces over my head and shoulders; it was a good thing for me that the limb wa'nt sound. His blow staggered me, but I soon rose up, and seizing my rifle with both hands, brought him a side wipe with the barrel. As I did, he slipped off the log into the water, I then hit him another lick, and stooping quickly down, seized him by the head, as he tried to crawl up upon the log. I was now upon the log, and he in the water, so I had him at a disadvantage.

"Well, I kept bobbing his head under;—when I first did it the bubbles came up just like you were filling a bottle with water; you know, after a bottle is full, it won't bubble; well, I kept bobbing his head under until he would'nt bubble, so I concluded he was full of water, and then let him go; he went down to the bottom, and I never seed him any more.

"All was now quiet, for both Ingens had sunk, and I was master of the log, but I had yet another struggle to make, for I heard the Ingens on shore push off their boat, and seed the waters splash as they darted towards me. It was too late to load, and then I could kill but one; that would'nt do—no, the only hope was to hide; so I took out a string, and placing my rifle in the water, lashed it to the log, then threw away my hat, and crawling as far as I could towards the small eend, eased myself gently down into the water, leaving nothing out but my head, and holding on with both hands by a small limb—another minute, and the canoe grated as it ran up upon the log. The Ingens looked about and spoke to each other, but could see nothing, they then called their companions by name, but there was no answer. They were now very much distressed, and all got out upon the log, and began to walk about and examine it. When they came to the end where I was, I sunk altogether, and it being the small end of the log, it began to sink, and the Ingens soon went back. I then threw my head back, and put my mouth out that I might breathe, just as a crippled duck sometimes does its bill. I made no noise, it was dark, they could not see me, and all went well. I heard them say 'they must have killed him,' and then that 'they are all gone;' they seemed very much distressed, wondered much at the whole affair, and none could explain it. After about fifteen minutes they again stepped into their boat and pushed off. I waited until I could hear nothing of them, then crawled up upon the log, and as I did not wish to run any further risk, I sat there till daybreak.

"The sun was just about to rise, when the log which I was on washed up against the bank not far from where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi. I caught hold of some bushes, and pulling the log up along the side of the bank, unloosed my rifle and got out. I had been in the water so long that I was mighty weak, and I was shrivelled up, but as I began to stir about I felt better, and setting off, I went back up the river to where I started upon the log. The first thing I seed upon getting back, was old Jupe sitting on the bank waiting for me, at the very spot where the log had slipped off. The thing wanted to lick me all over, she was so glad to see me. I was then right tired, so I started off home, and in about a week or two, Jupe and I arrived there safe and sound, and that is the end of my story."

"Well, Earth," said one of the company, "you are all sorts of a looking critter."

"Yes," said Earth, "I know that, I am ring striped, speckled and streaked, but I ain't thinking of that, I'm thinking about the votes. Now gentlemen," continued Earth, "don't you think they ought to make me sheriff? I say, if Bob Black has floated farther on a log, killed more Ingens, or staid longer under the water than I have, elect him; if not, I say, what has he done to qualify him for the office of sheriff? I have killed more bears than Bob could eat if they were 'coons, and I have fou't some harder fights than Bob ever saw;—now I say agin, tell me what has he done that he ought to be made sheriff. Did any of you ever know him to call for a quart? I never did;—I have known him to call for several half pints in the course of the day, but I never did know him to step forward manfully, and say, 'give us a quart of your best.' Then I say agin, what the hell has Bob Black done to qualify him for sheriff? Now, if you beat me, beat me with somebody, beat me with a man who knows something which ought to qualify him for sheriff, and not with Bob Black. Bob can't tell you this minute when a bear begins to suck his paws!" Then apparently disgusted with the character and acquirements of his competitor, Earth turned away to seek other company. As he did so, one of the group who had taken more than his proportion of a quart, staggered forward, and cried out, "hurrah for Earth, I tell you what, he's a squealer."

While Earth was thus electioneering, his friend Rolfe, who had left the court-house, after the decision of his case against him, was on another part of the ground, modestly stating what he conceived to be his qualifications, but which, by the by, Earth had never regarded in that light, and was also urging his claims to the office about to be bestowed. Seeing Earth leave the circle which he had been last entertaining, Rolfe approached him and said, "Earth, you must make a speech."

"Do what, Rolfe?"

"You must make a speech, Earth."

"What, stand up and speak to 'em all like you did in the court-house?"

"Yes."

"Oh hell!" said Earth, "I make a speech! I would'nt do it to be made Governor. But if I was, I would jerk it into 'em mighty curiously."

"Then we will say no more about it," said Rolfe.

"You are right about that," said Earth, and they parted each to electioneer after his own manner.

Night came; the election was over, and our old friend Earth proclaimed Sheriff.

From Mr. French's "Elkswatawa, or the Prophet of the West," a new work just out.

A PUN.—The Baltimore Transcript perpetrates the following rum 'un:—"Joe M'Konikin is well known as a loafer of the first magnitude. His orbit is uncertain; and like a fickle meteor, his fiery proboscis is sometimes to be seen in one ward and sometimes in another. Though visible to the naked eye, yet he is not often seen *without a glass*.

FOX-HUNTING IN CANADA.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A voice from afar! and far-fetched, perhaps, it will be thought by most of your readers, when they find an attempt is made to give an account of hunting in such a Back-woods place as Canada is generally thought to be.—A pack of fox-hounds, however, there is in Montreal, which, considering the very short season they can hunt, and the many difficulties and disadvantages they have to contend with in a new country, work wonders. With them are generally ten or twelve men, whose "Bits of Pink" and other etceteras, would not disgrace a Melton field, and who, in their gallant manner of charging the snake and cedar fences, might almost pose even a crack across the Quorn country,—these fences, with yawners on each side, being ugly things to look at.

There had been a pack of hounds kept, and most excellent sport shown, in Lower Canada for several years, by a gentleman, whose high standing, extreme popularity, and fondness of the noblest sport of his native land, calculated him, of all others, to be the founder of fox-hunting (in the English style) in this valuable part of our British possessions. It may be more convincing than the assertions of Mr. Roebuck, to show what evils the Demon of Agitation, which hates every thing English, is at present working (and encouraged by him to do so) with the peaceful and happy people of these provinces, when I state, that one of his tail assailed in the House of Assembly the character of the gentleman in question in the most violent manner, merely because he kept a pack of hounds. It was their thrilling notes and the heart-stirring view-holloa of their brave old English gentleman master, that caused fear and trembling in their souls.—But hark back! I am running political riot. These hounds I am sorry to say have been given up; the Montreal hunt got a valuable addition to their force at the time, but unfortunately lost a great part of them by a kind of madness that got into the kennel. The Montreal hunt owe, I believe, their first start to a sporting English butcher, who brought out with him two or three couple of hounds. This hero of the cleaver, with some addition to the strength of these, was mounted, dressed, and became huntsman, supported by the present able master of the hunt, and a few thorough going ones like himself, and I am told, a more indefatigable fellow to find a fox, and keep his small numbers on him, never existed; and his voice with hounds and view-halloa will long be remembered by the select few that heard him. The year following a club was formed, and a very fair subscription raised, by which, with several couple of hounds got out from England, and other chance additions, a pack was established. Morris, the present huntsman, succeeded "Marrow-Bones," and a better hand to get away with hounds and live with them never wore a cap. His nerve is astonishing, and he rides a horse well calculated to indulge his rasping propensities. Set Morris on York, and what will stop them? No man as yet was ever born perfect, and it would be better if Morris had some of his predecessors' old Smithfield qualities in cover, and in seeing more of his hounds, and keeping a keener eye to them when going from, and coming to home; and taking a little more pains in staying longer to get them out of large covers at the end of the day. But he has many redeeming virtues. They hunted until the present season, the immediate neighborhood of Montreal, and a country about eighteen miles from home, called "Point Clair." The former was heavy work, large covers, and large swamps: and "Jean Baptiste," harked on by Mons. Papineau, occasionally turned out with pitch-forks, and even guns, to stop "les sacres chasseurs du roi," as they termed the lads in scarlet. And here a very good story of Morris will not be out of place. Wishing to go the nearest way from one cover to another, the field, early last season, took a road leading through the farm of "un Habitant," and passing close to his dwelling; but on approaching the *maison*, they were met by the whole force thereof,—"le pere de famille" armed with a gun, his sons with pitch-forks, whilst the women screamed sacre on the red-coated riders. Not wishing to raise a whole village by showing fight, they turned their horses' heads to the regular road. Morris, however, liking no such trouble, cleared a five railed fence, and was making his way at a canter, with the pack at his heels, when he was brought up by something or other, I believe some late standing oats, and was surrounded by the owners of the soil. Sadly beset by three or four of the pitch fork armed, he, either to give the field notice of his danger, or by chance, pulled out his horn, when to his astonishment, down on their marrow-bones dropt his formidable foes, crying out most lustily, "O, mon Dieu, ne tirez pas."—Morris taking advantage of their, to him, glorious mistake, nearly frightened them to death, and then rode off to tell the field so good a joke.—The Point Clair country is the Oxfordshire of Lower Canada—nothing but stone walls, and very little cover, but plenty of foxes. Many were the brilliant runs they had in it, and long will be cherished its recollection, by those who have seen the flying performances of Dertueffel, the Doctor, Caraskeen, and Jinnums, and though last, not least, that straight goer of the neighborhood on his roan son of old imported Bedford. The dinners, too, the flow of soul and song, the ebullition of honest English feeling, true to church and state, the sporting toasts, and more sporting men who surrounded the mahogany, told that England's sons were there. The distance, however, to Point Clair was so great, and the hunt had the pleasure of seeing a prohibitory threat in a newspaper advertisement, at the commencement of last season, signed by the influentials of the parish, warning them to hunt there no more.—Mons. Papineau again. A proposal was made to try the other side of the river, where large traverse-boats cross every half hour, nearly opposite the town. Their first day in this country proved its merit, for the one or two members who had gone to report, had a run of an hour and a kill in a complete open country, and the only fault was too many foxes, the country being for many miles a common intersected with only ditches, and with occasional knolls and stripes of low brushwood. It would have done the hearts good of those who have to complain of blank days, to have witnessed the first two or three times some of the small covers were drawn Away they trotted out, black, silvery, and the old color, and as they had got on their winter jackets the white tag showed well, (the quantity of fur a fox carries in Canada makes his brush twice the size of English foxes.) Here began a series of such brilliant work, that the two days a week they had hunted this country told at the end of the season a heavy tale of blood; and desperate was the struggle, and long the run that Reynard made to rid himself of his deadly pursuers in most of these. In fact, they had some as clipping runs as any "Chasseur du Roi" needs wish for; and their last day for the season will give a pretty fair idea of how "the trick" can be done in this out of the way place.

Strong was the muster at the traverse-boat in the morning, and ominously joyful looked the face of each man as he rode into the boat. "A sou herly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning," and many a joking prognostication was made as to what was to take place, until landed on the opposite shore. They begun by trying some small covers about four miles from the place of landing, which were drawn blank. They then headed towards "Laprairie," trying several likely bits of brush and fern on the way, and it was not long before was heard Morris' welcome sound of "Hark to music! hark!" He had gone off in great haste, and it was some time before the pack got away to the leading hounds. Together, however, they got with a burning scent, and there they went, bursting from one small knoll of grass and weeds to another, with a crash of tongue that was maddening. His line was evidently to a large cover not a great distance off; this, however, he merely skirted, and now they gallantly headed to the common country before described, with a scent breast high, and the pace racing; he went straight for about four miles, when he was headed back by some people ploughing, and made again for the small covers where he was found; these he run through going his best for the large one, but instead of ringing or staying in this piece of old cover, he went through it like a line. And now the pack dashed into view, fast and direct from Chumbly River, which they soon reached—and now they stem the running stream. Water was something new to two of the field now leading, who pulled rein and cast many a wistful look at the gallant pack as they shot away over the Laprairie common, whilst a table cloth might have covered them. Morris, however, at the moment came up, and went at it as he goes at every thing, jumping down a bank into the river. Old York disappeared, and the only thing to be seen was the cap of his rider; duck-like, however, they rose again, and in a few seconds every scarlet coat was breast high in the Chumbly's then turbed waters. Forward, was the cry! His line was now evidently right across the Laprairie common; and across it he did go, and those after him that would not leave him, crossing the new line of rail-road, between that and St. John's, and was run in about a mile further on. Most of the field were up to see the worry. The distance gone over without a check must have been something like fourteen miles.

The long and dreary winter of Canada set in the day following, and the hounds were soon after distributed to their winter quarters.—I cannot conclude without paying that tribute which is so due to the present master of the hunt. His exertions last season to ensure a good subscription had its reward; his extreme good management whilst the hounds are in kennel, and his other arrangements, deserves the thanks of all true lovers of the sport; and his attention to sporting strangers in getting them mounted, generally from his own stable, is a proof that they have the right sort of person at their head. No distance or weather ever finds him wanting. It would be well if those who talk so much about supporting every thing that is English, (and many of them "*big wigs*" of Montreal,) would put their hands in their pockets in support of England's noblest sport, and which has been the cradle to many of the feats of her most daring sons. I will venture it were worth all their "beef-steak clubs" put together.

Go on and prosper! and may I have next season an opportunity of singing, in the works of that crack fellow, Mr. Campbell, of Glen Saddel,

"We have had a run together,
We have ridden side by side,
We are wedded to each other,
Like a lover to his bride!"

CHASSEUR.

London New Sporting Magazine for June.

The well-known *escamoteur*, Stewart, of Penryn celebrity, is now in town trying to effect an arrangement with his creditors. Some men have impudence enough to do, or to attempt anything—Stewart is of the number; and a few shillings in the pound may prove, perhaps, an acceptable present to those who had long since "booked" his defalcations in their black ledger.

GOSSIP FROM THE LONDON SATIRIST.

THE HELLE.

No event has occurred for years in the sporting world that has created so deep a sensation, and, we may add, so much sympathy and regret, as the death of Mr. Berkeley Craven. Another victim at the sacrificial shrine of the great and damning vice of gaming! The particulars of the death of the unfortunate gentleman our readers are acquainted with, and with what took place at the inquest which was held upon the body. We have little in addition to offer beyond a few passing remarks on the besetting sin of play—its demoralizing effects, and the lamentable consequences which follow in its accursed train. When we recal to remembrance the numerous individuals who have fallen victims to this hateful pursuit—the disgrace to which men have been exposed, and the ruin which it has entailed on families, we are lost in astonishment that persons can be found "so weak in reason, and so poor in thought," as to commit themselves to the mercy of swindlers in the garb of gentlemen, and on the hazard of a die or the issue of a race, not only stake fortune, but, as is too often the case, even life itself!

The instance of Bouverie must be still fresh in the minds of the public—that of Lord Rivers, who, it is pretty well known, proceeded direct from the play-table at Graham's, where he had lost a very considerable sum, to the water in which he was subsequently found, may also be remembered; but afflicting as those events were, they made little impression compared with that to which we are at this moment more particularly directing attention. Mr. Craven was—though a gambler—a man of high honor, and it was that nice sense of honor which led to the commission of the fatal act. He was one of those men so happily constituted as to make few enemies and many friends, and although, to borrow from the sporting vocabulary, he had been "at every thing in the ring," he never in one instance, save the last, could be said to forget—

"that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion."

He was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and in proportion as he was so beloved and respected, so is he lamented, and so is it to be regretted that a man possessed of so many social virtues should have fallen a victim to overweening sensibility—to a high, but mistermed sense of honor—in his case, more properly speaking, a delusion of mind.

Mr. Craven had been more than forty years in the "ring," and during that period never lost the character of a gentleman. As may be supposed, he had sacrificed a good fortune, and, although in early life he had gone through the initiatory course of a victim, in latter years he honorably abstained from visiting "the sins of the fathers upon the sons," nor was ever known to take an unfair advantage of inexperience, or to lend himself to the well-understood knavery of privileged "greeks." He won and lost upon the square, and never suffered even necessity to turn the current of his thoughts into a channel that would lead him to lose that self-respect which sustained him at all times and seasons, "through evil report and through good report," and rather than sully which, in a moment of frenzy, he placed a pistol to his head, preferring to "bear no life" than to live on, despoiled of his greatest treasure—a spotless reputation. In a more honorable cause this would have been noble; but when coupled with the association of gaming, it can only be viewed as madness. Such was the man, and such the character of the last victim of the destructive vice of play!

Mr. Craven's losses were under 8,000*l.*, and had he survived the Oaks, it is probable, from the state of his books, that he would nearly have covered his deficiency on the Derby. As soon as it was known to his brother-in-law, Lord Sefton, and his nephew, Lord Craven, that he had lost, they had agreed between them to save him from dishonor by paying his engagements. This was arranged on the Derby night, but no opportunity being afforded, it was not communicated to him, or, in all probability he would have been alive at this moment. Indeed, had not this been intended—had he lost on the Oaks, and by that means increased his difficulties, few of those to whom he stood indebted would, so universally was he respected, have pressed him. His principal losses were to Lord Uxbridge, Greatorex, Bland, and Worrall. To the former, 1,800*l.*, to Greatorex, 1,300*l.*, Bland, 1,000*l.*, and Worrall about 900*l.* He also lost to Lords Jersey, George Bentinck, and Albert Conyngham, George Payne, and others, but not to a large amount.

Mr. Craven was united to a French lady with whom he had lived previously for some years, and whom, not being able to make that provision for her to which he felt she was entitled, he married. His conduct in this particular, though offensive to some of his best friends, was characterised by that noble sentiment of honor and feeling which prevailed with him almost to a fault. By Mrs. Craven he has left a daughter. There are not many men on the turf, had they ten lives, and had died ten deaths, for whom half the sympathy would be felt as we have seen expressed for the fate of Berkeley Craven.

In the list of the "couldn't pay," or Levanting gentry on the Derby, the names of Ridsdale, Wagstaff, Stretch, (who was a winner on the Derby last year of something like *thirty thousand pounds?*) and Gill, stand most conspicuous. The three first named individuals have been long known to the "ring," the two former in particular, who have maintained but an equivocal reputation among the legs of the turf. Gill is a clerk to Mr. Beavan, the solicitor, of Sackville-street, and has, unknown, *it is to be hoped*, to his employer, been long engaged in betting speculations. This is the same party who appeared the other day as witness in a bill cause, Hitchcock *v.* Way, tried before Mr. Justice Coleridge, and who, in his cross-examination, admitted that he was connected with the turf, and had to do with men engaged in gambling transactions. He was a defaulter on the Derby to the tune of 3,000*l.* If gentlemen—men at least of rank and station in society—will bet with, and admit upon terms of equality, *ci-devant* ostlers, valets, and attorney's clerks, they deserve to be taken in. If an useful, and, in the first instance, well-intentioned object is to be perverted to purposes of trickery and fraud, how much more dignified it would be, on the part of titled swindlers, to make engagements with those only of their own rank, leaving the lower grade of sharpers to "work the oracle" among themselves. A gentleman cannot, in our opinion, degrade himself more than by making a bet with one in the rank of his own servant. Until some plan of this sort be agreed upon—some distinction made between the gentleman and the blackguard—the race-course will not be purged of those gangs of knaves who at present infest it, and who have degraded it to the stamp of a Quadrant hell, where all distinction is lost in the double, but common, object of plundering and being plundered.

Simon, but more commonly known in the play world as "King" Digby, from his skill in "palming" that card at *ecarté*, and who long enjoyed an unenviable notoriety among the legs at the club at Brighton, is living in obscurity in Devonshire. He has been, however, recently in town, and was seen at Epsom during the races, *sharp*-ly upon the look-out, it was presumed, for *flats*.

The old ruffian of St. James's-street has been hit to a large amount of late, and in a way that has surprised all the knowing frequenters of the great pandemonium. Mortimer Ricardo, of the Life Guards, has, by an astonishing run of good luck, won, at hazard, upwards of *thirty thousand pounds!* Such a continuous tide of fortune has not been known in the play world for years. The old stagers are amazed, and the young ones are dying to find out the secret calculation by which the Captain has been enabled to defeat the tactics of Crockford. Sefton lays it down as gospel, that he must be either "the devil, or a Jew." That he is not the former, we have *Kew*-rious reasons for believing; that he may be a Jew, or of Jewish extraction, we are not prepared so confidently to deny. If he has really been the winner to the extent named, and there is very little doubt about the matter, we strongly recommend him to secure his prize, and never again be tempted to stake another guinea at a play-table; for he may be assured of this, that he will not be afforded the opportunity—at least, the chances are against him—of such an unbroken chain of good fortune. He may retire now, with a name immortalized—immortalized by no merit of his own, but by a whim of the blind goddess, whose favors are courted by many, but bestowed on few. For the *name*, in the old proverb, of the "devil's luck," that of "Ricardo" has been already substituted among the members of the great pest-house, and which name will, if the owner leave off play, like his who "fired the Ephesian dome," outlive that of the hellish fiend (Crockford) who built the modern temple of infamy.

A wager has been announced which must be very interesting to the public, since Osbaldeston, the manager of Ebbertson, is the prime mover. He has bet a publican fifty pounds that he cannot draw three thousand five hundred glasses of ale in twelve hours. The publican, of course, advertises the circumstance, and Osbaldeston will attend to *make up his book* accordingly. Who can be surprised at the rumors about the horse being "found wanting," when a petty affair like a bet about drawing ale with the keeper of a small tavern is resorted to. The thing is, however, quite in keeping with the general tenor of the man's conduct.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipson smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old nag and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c., &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb, 29

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tuesday in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. FIRST DAY—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, SECOND DAY—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary.*

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
cAll other Mares . . $25 the season

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*.—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 5 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 306 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m. 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Roseberry*, sister to *Ruby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Busto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker; Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 5lsec. per mile.

1823.—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (119lb.) 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 53sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledonian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Pienipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l.*, distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoll, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (121 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 50sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 5lb. (119lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hylda, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (100lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on 41b. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hylda, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (100lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 19gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 year old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 106lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are reinvetifully invited to call and examine this horse. JOHN R. SNEDEKER,

feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME, 1836-7-8.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Match, Four mile heats, $3000 a side; *Hickory John* vs *Miss Medley*, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, 6th Dec.
ALEXANDRIA, La.	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" "	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
BALTIMORE, Md	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match $6000 aside, ch c *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of spr. meeting, 1837.
CULPEPER C. H. Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
CHARLESTOWN, Va.	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, Monday, 26th Sept.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky.	Spring Hill Association, Thursday, 1st Sept.
DAVISON'S COURSE,	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
DANVILLE, Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 11th Oct
FRANKLIN, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
GALLATIN, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
HARTSVILLE, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Central Course, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
JACKSON, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
" "	Match, 1000 Yards, $1,000 aside, *Silk Stockings* vs. *Shakerytown*, 4th of July.
KENDALL COURSE, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th, Tuesday, 25th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., Wednesday, 21st Sept.
NEW-YORK CITY.	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Match, Mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Red Maria* vs. *Chickfahila*, Pharsalia Course, Dec.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $2,000 aside, *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Pharsalia Course, Jan. 29, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. imp. b. c. by Longwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $2000 a side; full br. to Naked Truth, vs. imp. f. by Mutley; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept.
" "	Match, —— heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall of 1838.
OXFORD, N. C.	Wednesday, 19th Oct.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
TAPPAHANNOCK, Va.	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
THREE RIVERS, L. C.	Regular Meeting, 28th July.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

Varieties.

A person losing an ass once by some uncommon disease, was desirous to ascertain what caused its death; and accordingly had the body submitted to a post mortem examination. After witnessing the operation attentively for some time, he exclaimed—"How strangely *we* are made!"

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE OF THE DOG.—"I say, stranger," said a cottage urchin to a Yankee pedlar, "don't you whistle that ere dog away."

"Why, he aint no use no how, he's too ugly."

"O, but he saves heaps of work."

"How?"

"Why, he always licks the *plates and dishes* so clean that they never want washing. And mamma says she wouldn't part with him no how, for our new dog aint got used to mustard yet."

A GOOD DAY'S WAGES.—A London paper gives the following statement of Madame Malibran de Beriot's engagements and receipts. She goes to Covent Garden at 7 o'clock in the evening, and before 9 she pockets 152*l*. At a quarter before ten she repairs to the Hanover Square Rooms, sings one song, which occupies nine minutes, for which she receives twenty-five guineas. At a quarter past ten she repairs sometimes to Rothschild's, or at some one of the nobility's houses, English or foreign, and sings another song, or perhaps two, for which she receives another 25 guineas. And several times lately she has attended *morning* benefit concerts of the King's Theatre, for each of which she has pocketed an additional two hundred guineas. Making 387*l*. 10*s*. in a day.

PRICE OF OXEN IN 1674.—Sir Roger Moyston had a great intimacy with Pyers Pennant. The following is a copy of a letter from the former to the latter:—"Moyston, March 14, 1674. Dear Pyers, I hope you will excuse me for asking for the £4 you owe me for a pair of oxen, for I want the money to make up 20*l*. to send my son to Oxford next week.—I am, dear Pyers, &c., Roger Moyston." It appears, then, that 4*l*. was the price of a pair of oxen in 1674, and that the baronet of Moyston sent his heir apparent to the University with 20*l* in his pocket.

The mother of Napoleon had five sons, four of them were reigning Kings at the same time, and her three daughters may be said to be Queens. Her son Lucien was offered a Crown by Napoleon, which he declined and opposed his brother Napoleon's taking the regal dignity in France, although he assisted to make him Chief Consul some years before, he being at the time of Napoleon's return from Egypt, President of the Council of Five hundred, and was considerd the most upright and talented statesman in France. Lucien was a true and genuine friend of liberty, and in fact superior and more steadfast in his principles than can be known of Washington, because the latter was never actually tempted with the offer of a crown, which the former was, and had the integrity of principle to refuse, when he might have received one without the least reproach upon his character. We believe history cannot record a similar circumstance of a Lady having four sons all Kings at the same time, and a fifth who refused to be one.

In a new edition of Lord O'Mulgrave's "Matilda," report says that he has been turning one of the *Tails* of to-day into *Knight*.

MALIBRAN has been showing her spirit this week—she bolted off in dudgeon from the Dutchess's party at Holly Lodge without singing at all; and refused to sing at Lord Cawdor's party until after the conclusion of the opera at Drury-lane.

DANIEL O'CONNELL and nine joints of his Tail honored his old friend, Mother Curran, with his company to dinner at her convenient mansion in Titchfield-street on Sunday last. The elegance of her servant maids was the theme of universal admiration.

MENDIZABAL'S IMPUDENT PRIDE.—It is said in the Madrid papers that, when a friend suggested to the late Jew Premier of Spain the propriety of withdrawing his demand that General Quesada should be dismissed, he replied, "I will not change my resolution even if the QUEEN goes down on her knees." What consummate impudence! It is only exceeded by his effrontery in making love to Christine, when Munoz was too ill to pull his nose or kick him down stairs, which we hope the guardsman will do if the Jew ever again dare show his face in the royal closet.

Sam Rogers, hearing the other day at Lord Holland's, that "a salad, consisting of mustard and cress, may be produced in a few minutes by an electrical experiment," observed that even the best must be a bad salad. "Aye, (added the jocose banker) a *shocking* bad one."

Why is a man asking the hand in marriage of your sister Elizabeth like John the Grunter about making a wager?—Because he *proposes to Bet*.

It is said that the French Government intend sending two *Civil* Commissioners to the Generals commanding the two *corps* of observations in the Pyrenees. We will bet any wager that such a *lusus naturæ* as a *Civil* Commissioner is not to be found in all France.

We perceive by a paragraph in the papers that the Emperor of Morocco has a treasure amounting, from the accumulation of years, to upwards of fifty millions of dollars. Morgan O'Connell, on hearing this, scribbled the following:—

Arrah thin! would'nt it be a mighty nate thing
To crimp a stout buccaneer gathering,
And the millions snug snack from the African King,
By giving Morocco *a leathering?*

We rather think the Emperor would say "Noli me *tangier*," i. e. would not give them the opportunity to have even a look at his *Fez* (phiz).

The fine old English spirit of horse-racing is still in the zenith of its glory.—The amusements both of Epsom and Ascot have their peculiar attractions; but the latter has the pre-eminence, because the Races are honored with Royalty.

It is intended, by a coterie of fashionable ladies, to present Mr. Grantley Berkeley with a piece of plate, in consequence of his exertions to procure their admission to the House of Parliament.

A leopard was lately shot in the neighborhood of Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire. It is supposed to have escaped from some travelling menagerie, and before its destruction nearly killed a laborer in the fields.

Double wages are offered for seamen to man the Terror, about to proceed to the North-West voyage of discovery, under the command of Captain Back.

The rage for tulips still continues. A fine one called "the Citadel of Antwerp" was recently sold for $16,000 francs (£640 sterling), to a merchant of Amsterdam.

The following, we need hardly say, is taken from an Irish paper:—"On Sunday night the tongues were cut out of three calves, the property of a farmer of the name of Condon, residing on the lands of Bosnetstown, near Kilfinane, by some brutal *incendiaries* yet undiscovered." If the authorities wait until the Emerald gem *discovers* these *incendiaries*, it strikes us they will wait rather longer than the termination of the world.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The U. S. Telegraph says,—"We understand that there is to be a marriage in high life enacted ere long. The parties are Mr. Van Buren and a certain very distinguished literary lady, who visited Washington during the winter, and entirely won the Vice over. It is also understood that General Jackson has taken a great interest in this affair, and it certainly will succeed." Miss Martineau is the only "distinguished literary lady," that we know of, who visited Washington during the winter. She is now travelling in the West. [It is not Miss M.]

INDIAN CORN DANCE.—A gentleman, says the New York Star, from the scene of Creek hostilities, and who is familiar with their habits, says the love of the corn dance is a perfect passion among them. The daughters of the well-known Cherokee Chief Ross, were educated in the most accomplished manner at Philadelphia—taught music—drawing—dancing, and all other elegant accomplishments, but every season they went home to their father, the moment they heard the preparations for the Green Corn Dance, they rolled up their gay dresses about their knees, pulled off their silk stockings, and placed a girdle around the waist, and commenced dancing as gaily as the other young squaws.

INGENIOUS MODE OF TYING HORSES.—The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which, I believe, is entirely peculiar to this island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together, without attendants; and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of the other, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on, either backwards or forwards, and one pulling the one way and the other the other; and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

Barrow's Visit to Iceland.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, fall, 1836.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall, 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close the 1st of September, 1836.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, and as far south as the Rappahannock. To name and close by the 1st of September, 1836. Three or more to make a race.

3. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. free for colts that never won a race. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of September, 1836.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, spring 1837.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $200 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

WANTED.

BY a young man, who can procure the most undoubted security and references, a situation as Book-keeper or assistant, or Collecting Clerk. The advertiser has many advantages, and would make himself generally useful. Please address M. P. 147 Fulton street.

WANTED,

A PARTNER, in the Porter, Ale, and Wine Bottling Business. Any person having a few hundred dollars, would find it their interest to embark in the above, as the advertiser has first rate connexions, and will embark a suitable capital.

Address J. P. at 256 Pearl street, stating real name and where an interview may be had.

THEATRICAL CARD.

WE, the undersigned, Managers of the Nashville Theatre, Tennessee, deem it necessary to state, as a caution to managers generally, that after engaging a full stock company, together with an efficient orchestra, that would cope with any other establishment in the United States, to open on the 15th instant, have been deterred from doing so, owing to the non-arrival of several, who were *bona fide* engaged, and who have shown no cause whatever for breaking their engagement—to wit:

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, formerly Miss Lane; Mrs. Kimloch; Mr. G. S. Lyons; Mrs. Lyons; Mr. Thompson; Charles Mather; J. S. Silsby; all from the St. Charles-st. Theatre, New Orleans. Also, J Fly, Stage Carpenter.

Having taken legal advice, we shall prosecute each and all on this black list, whom we deem unworthy of the attention of any respectable manager.

J. WARRELL & THOS. M. GROVES.
Nashville, Tennessee, June 18, 1836. jy 16.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.

July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
july 2 Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—*20th September.*—FIRST DAY.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

SECOND DAY.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

SECOND DAY.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race.

Trenton, July 1, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secry.*

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

Sweepstakes open for 3 yr. old Colts & Fillies, over the Union Course.

SECOND MEETING, Fall, 1836.—Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race: closes 1st of August.

1. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes.

SECOND FALL MEETING, 1836. Two mile heats, for colts and fillies that never won a race.—The second in the race to receive back stake if five start: entrance $300; forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of September.

1. Robt. L. Stevens produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
2. Robt. Tillotson.
3. I. S. Snedecor.

FALL, 1837. Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Closes 1st of July, 1836.

1. A. P. Hamlin,	produce of	Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens	"	Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate	"	Henry Mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens	"	Janette and Henry.
5. Also,	"	Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson	"	Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton	"	Powancey and Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson	"	Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts	"	Phillis and Eclipse.

SPRING, 1839. Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropt 1836. Entrance $1000; forfeit, $250.—Second in race to receive back stake: four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of Jan. 1837.

N.B. A stake open for 1st meeting, Fall, 1836. Two mile heats; entrance $1000; half forfeit: to close 1st September; four or more to make a race.

New-York, June, 1836. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself it was not read by them: it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P. P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VA.

SWEEPSTAKES OPEN FOR THE FALL MEETING OF 1836.

1. For three year old colts and fillies, two miles and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—unrestricted. Entries to close on the 15th July; four or more to make a race.
2. For three year old colts and fillies, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—to be confined to colts and fillies raised in Culpeper and adjoining Counties, and Counties next to adjoining Counties, embracing likewise the colts of the Counties west of the Blue Ridge that adjoin any County embraced in the general limits—but to be confined to colts that never ran a race; four or more entries to make a race. Subscription to close on the 15th July. Four entries already.
3. Stake: mile and repeat, for three and four year old colts that never won a race, raised and owned in Culpeper County. Entrance 100 bushels of oats; half forfeit. Oats to be delivered at *Culpeper Court House*, or at the Race Track, before the race.
4. Stake: for three year old Truffle colts, one mile and repeat. Entrance $50; thirty dollars forfeit; four or more to make a race. Entries to close on the 15th July, 1836.

Persons wishing to make entries in any of these stakes, will address—Dr. PHILIP C. HOUGHTON, *Culpeper Court House, Va.* Besides these stakes, there will be a Proprietor's Purse and two handsome Jockey Club Purses to be run for, making in all, it is supposed, at least $1000 *cash up*; and a very interesting match race. These races will commence on the thirteenth of September, and continue three or four days only, so as to give time for the horses to visit the Course at *Charlestown*, Jefferson County, where there will be many attractions. The races there will commence on the 26th September.

There is a stake open for next spring, free for any three year old colt at that time, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit; four or more to make a race. Already three have entered. Entries to close on the 15th July. june 25

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.
KILLINGWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, a man who perfectly understands the management of thorough bred horses, to take charge of a three year old colt, within a short distance of this city. The very best references will be required. Apply at 36, City Hall Place. june 25 3t

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.
Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desireus of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Mears, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,		J. P. Dean.	

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

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